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ONE PENNY.

## HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK.

The name of Dagmar, or Dankmar, is a favourite one in Denmark. It is that by which the most beloved and most beautiful Queen of Denmark was distinguished. This was the first wife of Waldemar II, surnamed the "Seier," or Victorious, one of the greatest kings Denmark ever had. Dagmar, his fair Queen, had for her first name, Margaret, or Margaretha. She was the daughter of the King of Bohemia; and her memory is revered in Denmark to the present day. The meaning of the word Dagmar, we are told, is "the dawn," or rather, "the mother of the day," which, considering the undoubted munkiness of many days, both in England and in Denmark, might be said to imply excess of compliment; though, considering the charming face of the subject of our sketch, the fairest and sunniest day in all the year might deem itself honoured in being selected for conveying an idea of that unquenchable brightness of soul which beams through her translucent countenance.

The Princess's hair is a shade fairer than that of her eldest sister; her eye is more ethereally blue; her brow broader and whiter; her nose more delicately chiselled; her lips less thick; her mouth smaller; and altogether, though the likeness between the two sisters is even stronger than that which generally obtains between the children of the same parents, there can be no doubt that Nature has taken more pains on the face and form of the Princess Dagmar than she has on the person of her sister, though, as must be obvious to every one with the slightest taste, the outward and visible attractions of the Princess Alexandra are such as to entitle her to rank as one of the finest royal ladies in Europe.

The Princess Alexandra is, undoubtedly, a pretty, and a pleasant woman. But there are maidens, ay, princesses, in Europe as lovely as she. One of them, at least, is lovelier than the wife of Albert Edward. That one is the Princess Dagmar, or, to give the lady her full name, Mary Sophie Frederika Dagmar. This young lady, now admitted to be the prettiest princess in Europe, was born on the 26th of November, 1847. She is therefore in her nineteenth year, or about three years younger than her eldest sister, the Princess of Wales. Between the birth of these two illustrious sisters there was a prince born — namely, Christian William Ferdinand Adolphus George. The Princess Dagmar, therefore, is the fourth child, and second daughter of her parents. The beauty of this young charmer took every one in England by surprise, because up to the moment of her landing on our shores, nothing was said or heard about her personal appearance. All the admiration and the enthusiasm of court chroniclers, and amateur portrait painters of royal personages, was occupied on the Princess Alexandra. When, therefore, in the

progress of the procession from Gravesend, to and through London, and from London to Windsor, the Princess Dagmar was seen, everybody mistook her for the Princess Alexandra, and cheered accordingly; and no sooner was the mistake discovered, than she was cheered still more vehemently for her own sake—for the little Princess has one of the sweetest smiles that ever irradiated the face of a woman; and the delightful and unaffected manner in which

on its way to the chapel, with full particulars of the ceremony. On pages 376 and 377, in our present number, we give another large illustration of the return of the royal party to the Winter Palace.

After the marriage ceremony, which occupied about an hour, the Prince of Wales was the first to congratulate the Czarewitch and his bride on their marriage after they had received the felicitations of the imperial family.

When the ceremony was concluded the imperial family, with all the procession, went back to the private apartments in the palace, returning exactly in the same order as they came, so that every one had an opportunity of seeing them twice. So great was the concourse of people at the palace that it was nearly two hours before they were able to get away.

It must have been an excessively fatiguing day to all concerned, particularly the Princess, for they had hardly time to rest after the marriage, when they were summoned to the banquet; after the banquet there was the promenade ball. The Czarewitch and Czarevna were conducted to the Anitchkoff by the whole Court after the ball which concluded the wedding festivities at the Great Palace. This ball, which was, indeed, nothing more than a promenade, was the modification of an ancient custom. It was formerly usual at the marriage of any member of the imperial family for the Emperor and Empress to sit upon the throne and for all the company to pass before them, every one bowing low to their majesties as he went by. This ceremony must have been very irksome to all the parties concerned particularly after the solemnities of the morning; so it has lately been the custom for the company to assemble in the different halls of the palace and for the members of the imperial family to walk round the rooms, each gentleman taking a lady, with whom he walks once round and then changes for another; the ladies do the same, each taking as many gentlemen in rotation as she wishes to favour with her attention. Besides the imperial family the distinguished visitors, the ambassadors, the ministers, and other high personages, join the procession, which is terminated as soon as the Emperor has walked with as many ladies as he thinks fit to distinguish. There is a splendid band of music playing all the time, so that the promenade is exactly like the Polonaise at beginning of a ball. It does not last more than an hour, and when it is over the imperial family return to their private apartments. Fifteen gilt carriages conveyed the imperial family and those persons who were in immediate



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK.

she returned the greetings of the crowds that welcomed her, won upon all hearts.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS DAGMAR.

attendance upon them to the new residence of the Czarewitch, accompanied by a squadron of Cossacks and of his Majesty's own Circassian escort. The cortège was followed by a large crowd anxious to show their loyalty to their present and their future Emperor.

In our last, we gave a large engraving of the walking procession

A letter dated St. Petersburg, Nov. 12, states that the wedding festivities have been postponed, in consequence of the illness of the Cesarevna. She caught cold on Friday during the passage from the Winter to the Anichkov Palace, and this added to the excitement and exhaustion of such a fatiguing day, obliged her to keep her room yesterday. She was reported to be better this morning, but it is necessary that she should be taken great care of. So there is an end to the *séances* for the present. The Prince of Wales will take advantage of this interval to pay his visit to Moscow. To-morrow there will be a grand review of all the Imperial Guard before the Emperor in honour of the distinguished visitors, and on Wednesday a shooting party at Gatchina got up expressly for the Prince. It will be a grand bailli, and as there is plenty of game, the imperial and royal party may be expected to have a good day's sport. There are always a great many hares in the park, but the elks will probably be more attractive to the Prince than any other game. On the same evening he will start with the Crown Prince of Denmark for Moscow, by express train, and will return to St. Petersburg on Saturday, after which, if all goes well, the festivities will be resumed.

#### THE CITY OF MOSCOW.

ILLUSION has been made above to the visit of the Prince of Wales to Moscow. On page 880 will be found an illustration of this famous city, of which we shall give other views and particulars in our next. A brief account of the city must, therefore, now suffice.

Moscow, the ancient metropolis of Russia, lies in the midst of the vast plain of Eastern Europe, upon the banks of the River Moskva, which contributes its waters (by the channel of the Oka) to the great stream of the Volga. It is a city with nearly 400,000 inhabitants, and with the most extraordinary collection of incongruities, in the shape of buildings that display at once the architecture of nearly every nation under the sun, that is anywhere to be found. Its irregularities of design and structure are less now, however, than they were formerly, prior to the conflagration of 1812, when the flames of the ancient Russian capital exerted so fatal an influence over the destinies of the first Napoleon. Moscow has risen from its ashes, more splendid than before, magnificent, but still grotesque, half Asiatic and half European, the meeting-point of barbaric display that belongs to an older time and of a social condition that reflects some, at least, of the utilities of the present day. In the heart of the city is an inner enclosure or citadel, the famous Kremlin, which is itself two miles in circuit, and is crowded with palaces, churches, monasteries, arsenals, museums, and buildings of every imaginable kind; but in which the Tartar style of architecture, with gilded domes and cupolas, forms the predominant feature.

#### THE VATICAN AT ROME.

THE Vatican, the most ancient and by far the most celebrated of the papal palaces, is a mass of buildings erected at various times by different Popes, said to cover a space about 1,200ft. in length by 1,000ft. in breadth, and to comprise about 4,000 apartments. "The effect," says Burton, "is anything but pleasing; from no point of view does it present any extent of front or magnificence of design; while its proximity to St. Peter's interferes most unfortunately with the view of the building." The interior consists of a suite of galleries of small breadth, which, if placed in a continuous line, would extend two miles in length. It contains a countless multitude of inscriptions, statues, busts, reliefs, urns, sarcophagi, and vases, to say nothing of its literary and numismatic treasures, its books, MSS., drawings, the number of which the visitor can only guess at by counting the presses that conceal them from his sight. Taken altogether, it is by far the richest museum in Europe, and the precious objects it contains are magnificently lodged; for when the Church was rich she patronised the arts liberally, both by buying and building, and even now the posthumous benevolence of Popes and cardinals occasionally expends itself in erecting a new gallery or embellishing an old one.

The collection of sculptures is beyond all comparison the largest and most valuable in Europe, comprising, among other great works, the unequalled group of Laocoon and his sons, which even Michael Angelo despaired of being able to restore, the celebrated Apollo Belvidere (found at Antium, near the close of the fifteenth century), the well-known group of the Nile and his offspring, the Belvedere Torso of Hercules and Hebe, a noble statue of Adonis, and another of Marcellus, with an excellent bust of Paul VII, by Canova. The library of the Vatican is alleged to comprise about 80,000 printed books, and 35,000 MSS.; but, in point of fact, its literary riches are unknown, the catalogues having never been completed. There is reason, however, to think that its collection of ecclesiastical MSS. immeasurably surpasses any other in Europe; but it is very deficient in works of modern literature, and its value can be fully appreciated only by the churchman and the antiquary.

The Vatican is now seldom inhabited by the Pope, except during the grand festival of Easter, the present abode of the pontiff being on the Quirinal Hill (now called Monte Cavallo, from the two horses on its summit, taken from the baths of Constantine).

#### The Court.

Her Majesty the Queen and royal family will leave Windsor Castle for Osborne on the 18th of next month.

The Prince of Wales will return from the Continent before the end of this month, for the purpose of celebrating, on the 1st of December, the birthday of the Princess of Wales.

The Queen, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the Private Chapel, Windsor. The Rev. J. R. Woodford preached the sermon.

On Monday afternoon her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, attended by the ladies of the suite, visited St. George's Chapel, and remained during divine service. Her royal highness sat in the late Prince Consort's seat, among the stalls of the Knights of the Order of the Garter; the ladies in attendance sitting in the Duke of Edinburgh's stall and those adjoining. The prayers were intoned by the Rev. E. Tapsfield, minor canon, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Moore being the canon in residence. The anthem was "Hear my prayer," the solo in which was most beautifully sung by Master Hancock. Dr. Elvey presided at the organ.

On Monday their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein left Windsor Castle for Evesham, in Worcestershire. Their royal highnesses proceeded via Reading and Didcot, and the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton line to Evesham, whence on their arrival they drove to the residence of the Duke d'Aumale.

**FEARFUL FLOODS, AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.**  
FROM the accounts which reach us of the floods in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, and the adjoining counties, they appear to have been more fatal and destructive than any which have occurred for many years in England.

The flood at Leeds on Friday week was the highest ever known. The valley of the Aire to a very great width was inundated nearly throughout the whole of its length, from above Skipton to Keighley, Bradford, Appleby-bridge, Kirkstall, Leeds, and on to the Humber. The river inundated houses and warehouses at Leeds. It destroyed a large amount of property, rendering many dwellings uninhabitable in their basement storeys, and making several of the streets quite impassable by foot passengers. Carts, waggons, and other vehicles were brought into requisition to enable them to go from one part of the town to another. Several persons were driven from their dwellings and sought succour at the central police-office at the Town-hall, where temporary accommodation and refreshments were provided for them. It would occupy a large space to describe the incidents of the flood. One or two facts, however, deserve to be noted. One was the fall of a chimney. This chimney formed a portion of Messrs. Moorhouse and Thistlethwaite's corn mill, on the Isle of Cander School Close. It was about 90ft. high, and it fell with a terrible crash across the river Aire, just below a long dam near School Close-bridge, and carried along with it a portion of a house on the opposite side, seriously jeopardizing the lives of three persons. The house on the opposite side of the river, which was struck by the falling mass of masonry, is situated in Neville-street, and occupied by a person named Thompson, who was from home at the time. Mrs. Thompson, however, was in; also a plumber and a boy, who were repairing the gas fittings. Just at the moment when the accident happened the man was standing on a table in the centre of the room, working at the ceiling, when he received intimation of approaching danger by a heavy blow on the head from one of the rafters, which had given way under the weight of the coping-stones of the chimney-pot, which fell upon the house and carried away the whole side into the river. Mrs. Thompson and the boy were thrown down with the falling walls. Both had a very narrow escape of being crushed to death or drowned. The ready assistance of the passers-by rescued them from their perilous position, and they were conveyed to the infirmary. The boy's injuries were found to be so slight as to allow of his walking home at once. Mrs. Thompson's injuries, however, were more serious. The man who was working in the house, although not injured by the fall, was thrown down with the mass of bricks and timber into such a position as to preclude the possibility of assistance reaching him from the street; he fell up to about the waist in the water, and was there compelled to remain in intense fear until a rope was cast out to him, which he managed with very great difficulty to fasten round his waist, when he was dragged on shore. In the course of the evening, a man, in attempting to proceed along Hunslet-lane, narrowly escaped drowning. He and two others, anxious to reach home, thought they might wade across the road, along which the torrent ran furiously. Two of them, however, finding the current too strong, retraced their steps, but the third man was carried away and thrown on his back by the stream. The occupants of the house called out to the bystanders near the bridge, and a man named George Laverack made the best of his way to his assistance. The waters, however, were too strong to enable either of them to make any progress with safety, and it was only by the aid of a vehicle which came up at the time that the two men were rescued from their perilous position.

Among the premises inundated in Swinegate were those of the *Leeds Express* newspaper. The water entered the lower story of the building to the depth of about five feet, and did considerable damage, besides putting a stop to the printing of the paper, which was going on at the time. Giving an account of the unpleasant visitation, the *Express* says:—"About seven o'clock last night evidence was given of the extraordinary rise of the river by the sudden flooding of our machine-room, engine-house, and boiler-house. So rapid was the rise that in a quarter of an hour the whole of the basement was submerged to the depth of eight inches. It continued rising until our engine fires were put out, and the working parts of our machines were under water. In this emergency we applied to the managers of the *Leeds Times*, who instantly volunteered assistance to us. Only those connected with a newspaper office can have any idea of the difficulties and the loss attending such an accident as this. All our partly-printed sheets were handed in small numbers by numerous men and boys, wading knee-deep in water, through the machine-room, up a flight of steps, and were then removed in carts to the office of the *Leeds Times*. The heavy forms, too, had to be carried thither; and it is only by the united energies of numerous workpeople, coupled with the kindness of our contemporaries, that we were enabled to supply our readers with an *Express* to-day."

The flood was at its height shortly before midnight on the Friday, and had diminished about 4ft. or 5ft. at Leeds-bridge at daylight on the Saturday morning. Still the river was several feet above its usual level. And at this point we have to record one very distressing fatality. About a quarter to seven o'clock on the Saturday morning from twenty to thirty persons were standing on a landing or jetty, near Leeds-bridge, at the bottom of Briggate, watching the flood in the river and the wreck on its surface, when the foundation on which they were standing gave way, and they fell into the torrent. One-half or more of them were drowned. In the *Yorkshire Post* the following particulars are given:—

"The quay wall, from which the unfortunate victims were precipitated, is on the premises of Mr. Conyers, leather merchant, on the north side of the bridge. At the time we went to press with our first edition this morning this embankment was several feet under water, but in the course of a few hours the water had so far subsided as to allow of persons standing on it. About seven o'clock a party of mill operatives, consisting mostly of girls and some men, about thirty in number, incogitously ventured upon the balcony, in order to obtain a better view of the vast quantity of ruins which had collected together and become wedged under the arches of the bridge. The quay wall, which appears to have been undermined by the flood, suddenly gave way, and, without a moment's warning, the whole party were precipitated into the rushing stream below. The current was flowing with fearful velocity, and they were at once swept under the bridge into the main current of the river. Two watermen—Henry Stones, captain of the Vesper, from Louth, and Thomas Harrison, captain of the Clara, from Rawcliffe—were approaching the bridge at the time and heard a shout of 'Look out.' Immediately afterwards they saw about six or eight persons floating down the stream, all apparently girls, who clung to each other's dresses. Harrison immediately jumped on board of a vessel which was moored against the bridge, snatched hold of a boat-hook, and with its aid succeeded in rescuing six of the girls from the water; but two or three, who were unable to retain their hold of their companions, were swept away by the

current and were no more seen. Having rescued these girls, a cry was immediately heard that some one was under the Leeds London jetty, whereupon Harrison procured a crowbar from his vessel, and he and Stones with it prised open the boards of the jetty, and there discovered two men, whom they succeeded in getting out alive. One of these men was Henry Lee, a wherryman, residing in South Brook-street, Hunslet, and, as showing the unexpected nature of the catastrophe, we may give the statement of Lee himself, who was occupied at the key wall at the time it gave way. He states that he was standing at that spot about half-past seven o'clock this morning, in company with between twenty and thirty other persons, a considerable proportion of whom were factory girls and women, who had been attracted there by curiosity to witness the scene of the previous night's flood. Without a moment's warning he felt the flags beneath his feet give way, and the whole party, with few exceptions, were instantly precipitated into the turbid stream rushing furiously beneath. He was carried swiftly beneath the bridge, together with several others who shared in the calamity, and was held for some time under water by a woman who clung tenaciously to his legs. He succeeded in freeing himself from her death grasp, and just at the time the eddying waters carried a cask within his reach, which buoyed him up and floated him to a platform at the bottom of Warehouse-lane. His situation was observed by the persons on the platform, but they were unable to reach him until a hole had been made in it, through which he was drawn to land. On examining further another man was found under the jetty, with his head jammed between two piles, and quite dead. A man named William Whittaker was then lowered with a rope, which he fastened round the dead man's arm, and he was dragged to shore. The body has since been identified as that of William Ellis, a cloth dresser, living at Beeston-hill, and in the employ of his father's firm, Messrs. Ellis and Lamb, cloth manufacturers, Wilson-street. About 200 yards below the bridge a waterman, named Mark Brooke, captain of the barge John Malcom, just after the occurrence observed a man floating down the river, apparently very much exhausted and on the point of sinking, whereupon he snatched up a boat-hook and endeavoured to lay hold of him with it. He succeeded in fixing the hook into the neckerchief of the drowning man, but the neckerchief, unfortunately, became unfastened from the neck, and the poor fellow floated past beyond all hopes of recovery. The same man was again seen by a bargeman, named Admiral Harrison, who was standing on another barge, a few yards below. According to the investigations which have so far been made, it appears that but ten out of the thirty people who were precipitated from the jetty have been saved, and from the rapidity with which the water was flowing it is probable that some time must elapse before the whole of the missing bodies will be recovered, and even then at a very considerable distance down the river. The damage done to the various craft moored in the river has been very serious. In addition to the two vessels destroyed, mentioned in our report of last night, a barge laden with coals, belonging to Mr. Hargreaves, drifted from its moorings below the bridge last night, about seven o'clock. She was soon upset by getting broadside to the stream, her cargo unshipped, and then she drifted down the stream. Four barges belonging to Alderman Carter also broke away from their moorings, drifted down the river, and at the time of writing had not been recovered. At one o'clock in the morning the water stood about three feet above the landing wharfs, and the man Stones, who has been employed on the river for forty years, pronounces this to have been the highest flood within his recollection. He was obliged to sit up the whole of the night to watch his vessel, and he states that from seven o'clock on Friday evening until about three o'clock on the following morning a very large number of oil casks were washed away, which could not be estimated at a less number than 200."

A great deal of damage was done in the outskirts of Leeds. The local *Mercury* says:—"In Kirkstall-road the flood rose to a great height, persons who travelled over it in cabs having to undergo the unpleasant ordeal of riding with the water at some parts as high as the seats of their conveyances. Witham's Forge was completely flooded, all work was suspended, and the horses had to be removed from the stables. At Kirkstall a culvert burst at the top of the bank, and the water rushed down the declivity, inundating the lower parts of the houses in its course, and necessitating the tenants seeking some secure abode. The scene at the railway-station at Kirkstall baffles description. The river, which flows by the side of it, burst all its boundaries, and, embracing the whole of the tramway in its folds, flowed on free and unfettered, leaving no other distinction between its natural and its adopted course than here an overturned porter's box, and there the remains of what had served to give the passengers accommodation, while waiting for the trains. The water flowed along the line in a deep, rapid stream, as far as the eye could reach, while the fields in the vicinity were at one time flooded as high as five or six feet. The ground on which the Abbey stands shared the same fate as its neighbours, but fortunately the flood did not reach the fine old rite itself. Of course it was absolutely impossible for trains in the latter part of the day to reach the station; they had to be stopped some distance from it, and the passengers were left to find their way as best they could to Leeds. The bridge at Kirkstall Forge has been completely undermined; the down line has sunk several feet, and when our reporter left the bridge was gradually subsiding. The bridge on the branch line leading to the forge has also suffered such injuries as to render it entirely useless. A huge boiler, swept from the chymical works of Messrs. Tunstall, was hurled against it, altogether destroying its supports. At the forge itself immense damage has been done, the water having extinguished the furnaces, and covered the entire works to the extent of several feet. The offices were flooded, and one end of a small weighhouse was carried away by the accumulation of material. The water appears to have played the most fantastic tricks in the works, removing heavy masses of iron to all imaginable spots, and floating in their place tar barrels, planks of wood, and other articles from the adjoining premises. Above Kirkstall Forge the valley was covered with water, and but for the devastation caused by such an inundation the scene was exceedingly picturesque in the moonlight. At the chemical works occupied by Mr. Tunstall, the flood, which had risen with great rapidity, swept everything movable before it, and the family had to make an hurried escape. Mr. Tunstall, who was suffering from illness, being taken out of the chamber window. Two or three large tubular boilers, used for storing tar, were swept into the river, and one was carried with great force against the buttresses of the railway-bridge leading to Kirkstall Forge. The wooden railway-bridges across the river at Newlay and Calverley remained, so far as could be ascertained, without material injury, and the same remark applies to the line generally up to Apperley. Beyond this point the destruction was most serious. The line, on leaving Apperley Station passes through a short cutting, and up to Friday afternoon was carried thence by a viaduct across the valley, which opens out here in a broad flat of land, through which flows the Aire before reaching Apperley-bridge. This viaduct was substantial, of ten-

or twelve arches, and rising a considerable height above the river. It was built of stone, and not only had every appearance of strength, but it has carried for many years not fewer than 200 trains a day, including heavy mineral and goods trains. On Friday morning it was observed that the valley was flooded, and as the day advanced the water increased, and ultimately covered the valley from one side to the other. Still no anxiety was felt on the matter, but the current swept on with great force, and, the soil being light and friable, the current rapidly undermined the foundations of the buttresses, and during the afternoon there were indications that the viaduct was giving way. Precautions were taken to prevent trains passing over, and, but for this judicious step, the catastrophe which followed might have been rendered as appalling in the loss of life as it proved serious in the destruction of property. About four o'clock one of the buttresses sank and an arch fell. This was followed in succession by the fall of the other arches, and in a short time there were left standing only two buttresses, the solitary remnant of the ruin which had taken place. The result is most unfortunate, not only as regards the interests of the company, but the trade of the district, more especially as the restoration of such a structure must be a work of time. The engine belonging to the goods train which fell in remains in the river, but the guard's van and trucks have been washed down the stream.

"The inundation has been attended by great loss of life along the valley of the Calder. At Dewsbury eight or ten lives have been lost by the floods. A cabman, named George Draycott, was one of the first victims of the flood. At a late hour on the Friday evening he was driving along Saville-road towards Thornhill, when the cab and its occupants, four in number, were swept away by the current. The cabman was drowned, and the people in the cab were only saved from a watery grave by remaining in the vehicle until the water had subsided. A man named Oldroyd, a mill operative, was drowned while attempting to rescue the unfortunate people in the cab. Three men were riding over the Saville-bridge on a wagon laden with iron, when the current swept the horse of its feet, overturned the cart, and the poor felons upon it narrowly escaped with their lives. One of them was fetched out of the water, after an immersion of six hours, by a Newfoundland dog; another of the men was rescued in a state of insensibility, and an ultimate recovery is very doubtful.

"In the neighbourhood of Thornhill Lees, Dewsbury Mills, the flood has made great havoc, and several lives have been sacrificed. At a late hour on the Friday night the terrible accident occurred. A cart, belonging to Mr. Charlesworth, maltster, and driven by a man named John Thorpe, was coming in the direction of Dewsbury, when the vehicle was swept into the river, and several persons who were riding upon it perished. The cart, containing the driver; Mr. Thomas Wild, of Thornhill; Mr. Whittaker, tailor and draper, Northgate, and his two sons Matthew and William; together with a young man, a clerk in the Saville Estate-office, was passing along the road leading from Cleckford-road to Fallowe, the water being up to the horse's belly at the time, and rapidly rising, when the surging waves, beating against the wall on the west side, burst it down, and carried the cart and its living freight through the boundary wall of the Dewsbury Mills-yard, and hurled the whole into deep water, and some of them to the river below. Mr. Whittaker and his sons were drowned, and so, there is reason to fear, was Mr. Wild. The driver was drowned. The clerk and a person named Stead were saved by swimming on to the roof of a house. A youth named Flagg was also drowned. A boy named Hirst, from Thornhill Lees, has been washed away.

"The flood in the Wakefield district has turned out to be the heaviest and most disastrous ever known to have visited the neighbourhood. There was very great excitement and alarm in the town all the Friday night. People who were desirous of leaving by way of Bridge-end or Westgate-common had to hire vehicles, and even those parts of the town were highly dangerous to cross. In many streets access to dwellings was impossible. On Westgate-common any mode of conveyance was prohibited by the police after eight o'clock, as the drains had fallen in several places, and two or three carts and cabs had been upset in consequence. Towards seven or eight o'clock a rumour got abroad that a number of children had been drowned in a low-lying quarter named Brookbank, a locality almost wholly inhabited by Irish. When our correspondent, however, reached the spot, he was just in time to see the chief constable and a number of young gentlemen, who had nobly come forward to render assistance, wading up to their armpits with the children on their backs. The crowd collected on the bank of the stream loudly cheered the party as they approached. Brookbank is near the prison, and Captain Armytage, the governor, placed the Industrial Home at the disposal of the authorities, and in it the homeless people were fed and housed for the night. Numerous other instances of the courage, devotion, and benevolence of the townspeople might easily be multiplied. Up the river towards and above Horbury, and down towards Stanley, the flood's course is marked by equally destructive effects. It would be impossible to give any detailed account of the losses sustained, but some idea may be formed of the extent of the devastation when it is stated that the damage done to Messrs. Wade's cloth mill, Mr. Lee's worsted manufacturer, Messrs. Mackie and Mr. Hart's corn warehouses, and Mr. Wilson's soap works will not in any instance fall short of £1,000, and these are only on a par with the injuries done to Messrs. Bainbridge's mill at Horbury, Messrs. Gregory and Messrs. Sanderson's corn warehouses, Messrs. Haigh's malt kilns, Mr. Cloy's agricultural implement works, Messrs. Green's iron foundry, Mr. Whitham's forge, and other immense establishments situated on the Calder's shores. The district which has suffered such an awful visitation is a thickly populated one. Collieries have been flooded, vessels stranded, live stock carried off, farms, hedges, walls, and such like landmarks destroyed; in fact, all manner of things, all trades, and innumerable individuals have fallen victims to the general ruin. There is not one among the many manufactories standing on the bank of the river in which serious and extensive damage has not been done to the machinery, and in which, at all events, in every case, work did not cease, in several instances not to be resumed again for weeks.

"At Bradford the flood was very disastrous. For five or six hours the streets were quite impassable, and the cabmen and wherrymen were busily engaged to convey people from one side of the town to the other through the deep streams. The surrounding districts shared in the calamity. Worth Valley, which communicates with Airdale at Keighley, was filled with an immense flood, and great destruction of property was the result. Considerable damage is done to a new line of railway which has for some years been in course of construction under difficulties, in that valley. Many mills and dwelling-houses were flooded in several parts of the valley, and great damage to property was the consequence. Several persons were rescued from imminent peril of drowning.

"On the Saturday morning some thousands of acres of land at Doncaster were under water consequent upon the overflow of the

Don. Within the memory of man there has been no such flood in fact, the water came so speedily that many farmers were unable to remove their stock from the fields. Carcasses of beasts and sheep passed down the stream, and the craft in the river has sustained considerable damage. Twenty-seven sheep were washed out of a field near Doncaster and perished, and it is feared that many hundreds have been lost.

"On Saturday morning at Manchester the flood had greatly subsided, but there was a great deal of water still left in cellar dwellings and houses on low ground near the river. On the Friday a horse and cart, and the driver, passing over the bridge from near the Assize Courts into Salford, were swept away by a strong, deep current of water across the bridge and were lost. The man was in the employ of Mr. Edge, wholesale coal-dealer, Harris-street, who had cautioned him by no means to attempt the passage of the bridge. A two-story building belonging to Messrs. Lockett and Co., engravers, close by the Irwell, fell owing to the water weakening the foundations, and one of the men in their employ was swept away by the flood. His dead body was found near the Victoria-bridge. A man in Lower Broughton was wading through the water along a footpath, when he slipped into a hole cut for the foundation of some buildings, and was drowned."

#### INQUEST ON THE BODIES.

Mr. Emsley, the borough coroner, held an inquest on Monday, at the Town-hall, on the body of William Ellis, the only one of the unfortunate persons drowned at Leeds Bridge on Saturday. The jury having been sworn, they proceeded to view the body, and upon returning to the court in which the inquiry was held,

John Ellis, brother of the deceased, was called. He spoke to the identification of the body, to the deceased being thirty years of age, and to his having left the mill in which he was employed in company with some shopmen for the express purpose of seeing the flood.

William Rayner was next sworn. He deposed: I reside at Woodhouse. I am a cloth dresser. I worked at the same mill with the deceased. On Saturday evening I left the shop with the deceased. He, I, and others arranged that we would go and see the flood. We went to the landing in question by the side of Leeds Bridge. There was a number of people standing on the landing.

Cornor: How many persons were there on the landing?

Witness: I should say about twenty, but I cannot speak with certainty, because we had no sooner got on to it ourselves than we were all in the water.

Can you form any idea how many girls there were?—No, sir, I cannot.

What was about the width of the landing?—Perhaps three yards wide and five or six yards in length.

How far did the stage appear above the surface of the water before it was washed away?—Well, sir, I can hardly say, because I had hardly got on to the stage before it gave way; and the only recollection I have is that soon after that I found myself struggling in the water. I then got hold of a flag and tried to pull myself out, but that gave way and I fell back again. A man, however, came up and extended his two fingers to me. I got hold of them and he pulled me out.

Were you washed under the bridge?—No, sir.

Could you feel the bottom of the river at all?—Oh, no, sir.

What did you do when you got out?—I looked round to see if I could see anybody, but there was no one present, and I then ran to the other side of the bridge and there I saw them taking some young girls out of the water into a boat.

Did you hear anything said previous to going on the landing as to the safety of the landing?—I did not, sir. I and my companions went on because we saw other people there.

I suppose you know it was a private platform, and that you had no right there?—No, I did not know that.

Did you ask any one's permission to go on to the platform?—No, sir, I did not.

Henry Leo deposed: I am a carter, and live in Blode's-court, Brook-street. I went on to the platform in question on Saturday morning, about a quarter past seven o'clock, for the purpose of looking at the flood. Leeds-bridge at the time was very much crowded.

Cornor: How many persons were there on the platform when you went on?

Witness: I should think about twenty-five or thirty.

How many men were there?—I should say about six or eight, and there were from eight to ten girls, and several women.

How long were you on the landing before the occurrence took place?—About a minute only. In front of where I was standing there were six or seven girls playing, and passed where I was. I stepped aside to let them pass, and then I saw the seam of the platform opening. I then thought it was giving way, and made an effort to get off, but before I had time to do that it rolled over and I slipped, as it were, into the stream with the other persons on it.

Did you give any alarm?—No, sir.

Why not?—Because I had no time; for I no sooner saw the opening seam than I found myself in the water.

How did you get out?—I was washed through the bridge, and there I saw a cask floating. I seized hold of it, and floated down the stream with it, till I came into contact with a post or pile. I caught hold of that till some one got me out. Before I seized hold of the cask some poor girl got hold of my legs, and kept me some time under the water.

How long were you in the water?—About a quarter of an hour.

How many persons did you see struggling in the water?—I think about three or four girls and one man.

Before you went to the platform, did you, first of all, see if the platform was safe?—No, sir; I did not.

Did anybody invite you to go on to it?—No, sir. I went on with my own free will, as did also the other persons.

Joseph Underwood, tinplate-worker, living in Charlotte-street, Holbeck-road, said: I was standing on Leeds-bridge when the accident happened. I was on the side near to the landing in question.

Cornor: How many persons do you think were on the platform at the time of the accident?

Witness: About twenty-five or thirty. They were mostly girls about seventeen or eighteen years of age. There were a few men.

Did the landing appear overcrowded?—Yes, sir.

Well, tell us what took place.—I saw the landing give way, and heard the screams that followed, and then I ran away to render assistance.

Are you sure that all the persons who were on the landing went into the water?—No, sir; I could not say that.

Well, go on. What did you do when you left the bridge?—I knew that the current would take them through the bridge, so I

ran to the London and Leeds landing-stage and got a boat, and with the assistance of another man I got two girls out. I saw two more girls pass, and tried to rescue them, but could not succeed; they were too far off. After I got the girls out I saw a man under the jetty. He was subsequently got out alive. While they were getting him out I saw another man between two piles, supports of the broken stage. He was quite dead. His head was wedged between the piles.

Was his head under the water?—Yes, his face was, but I could just see the crown of his head.

Before the accident took place did it occur to you that the persons on the stage were in a dangerous position?—No, sir; it did not strike me so.

Police-constable Sutherland, 12 Leeds police, said: I first saw the persons on the landing about five minutes past seven in the morning. There were thirteen girls came down Briggate, and went on to the landing.

Cornor: How many females were there altogether on the stage?

Witness: About eighteen—the rest were men.

Where were you standing?—I was standing on the bridge, and when I saw the persons on the landing I went to the foot of the bridge to get another police-officer for the purpose of removing the people off, and while I was gone the accident occurred.

But did you not caution those persons that the landing stage was dangerous?—Yes, sir, I did. I told the girls as they passed along not to go on to the landing.

William Conyers, carrier, said: The accident took place on my premises. The landing in question belonged to me. It was used as a roost to a dyer's cellar. It was built of brick and stone, and was supported by two brick walls, 13½ inches thick, and faced with stone nearest the river. The width of the landing was about 4½ yards, and about six yards long. It was almost a square.

Cornor: How long had the rush of the water been playing against the wall before it gave way?

Witness: About sixteen hours.

I suppose the water *when you reached that part?*—Very seldom indeed, sir. It is my impression that the wall was struck by a stage, known as Hudson's stage, that was washed down the river during the night, because there was a breach in the wall.

Otherwise you think the wall would have withstood the water?—Oh, yes, sir, it has stood more than that upon a previous occasion.

I was upon the landing myself about two minutes before the accident took place, and then there were about thirty persons there. I was not present when the accident occurred, but the moment I heard of it I did all I could to save life, but was unsuccessful in my efforts.

The Coroner then summed up the facts, observing that while there was no doubt as to how the deceased came by his death, it was much to be deplored that the evidence tended to show that there must have been from five-and-twenty to thirty persons on the landing stage when it gave way; and it was for the jury to say whether there was any one accountable for that mishap, or whether it had arisen from pure accident.

The jury, without consulting, unanimously expressed their belief that the catastrophe had occurred entirely from accident, and returned a verdict accordingly.

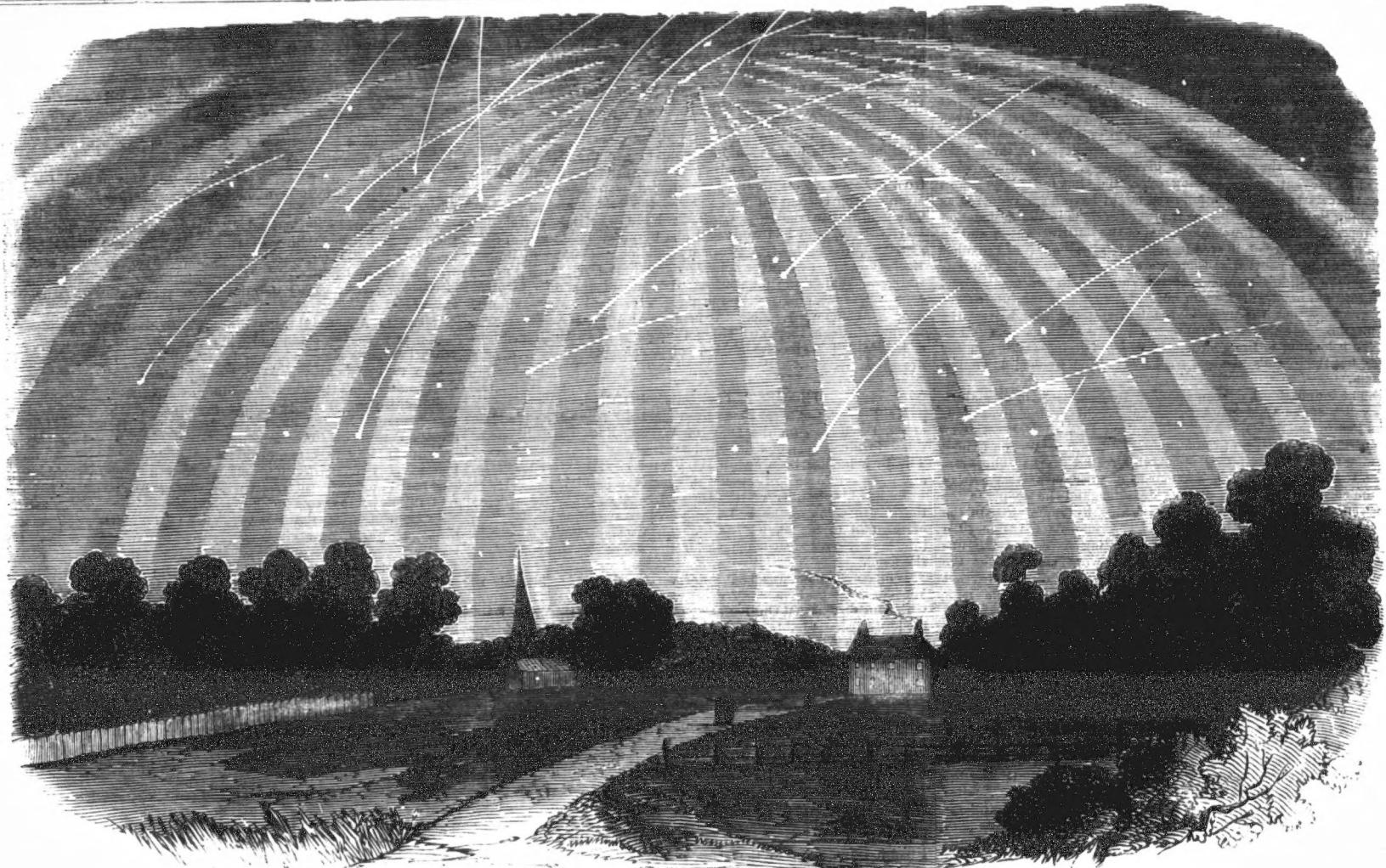
On Monday Mr. Taylor, the district coroner, opened an inquiry at the Saville Hotel, Dewsbury, touching the deaths of three of the victims of the flood. The names of the deceased were Wm. Henry Whittaker, draper; George Draycott, cab driver; and Thomas Oldroyd, mill operative. Evidence was given showing how each of the deceased had met their deaths. Draycott, it seems, was repeatedly warned not to go to the spot from whence he was washed away, but he paid no heed to the warnings. The man Wild who is drowned is mainly answerable for the death of Whittaker and his two relatives, for he urged the driver of the wagon on which they were travelling to go forward through the surging torrent when he desired to go back, and the result was the sacrifice of five lives. Oldroyd was drowned whilst making a noble attempt to rescue the occupants of the cab driven by the deceased Draycott. In each case the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

**DR. CUMMING'S PREDICTIONS.**—On Sunday evening Dr. Cumming took for his text Jonah i. 6, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God." In commenting upon the story of Jonah he went over much of his old ground, and repeated most of his usual illustrations in relation to the approaching end of this world. He said that twenty years ago he had fixed upon the year 1866 as the probable period when time should come to an end, and he had then and since been much ridiculed for his belief. But where were the scoffers now? Did not the present time portend some dreadful catastrophe? The minds of men were much troubled, and the councils of nations perplexed, by the dread of some great and terrible calamity that was presently to come upon the earth. The Papacy was in its last throes, and all the Pope's lambs were ready to turn upon their shepherd and tear him asunder. The 10,000 nuns and the 10,000 priests dispossessed by Victor Emmanuel were coming over to help Dr. Mauning and the Puseyites to fight their last great battle in England. He believed that the true interpretation of prophecy pointed to this year or the next, or probably 1868, as the consummation of all things; but if any Jonah were to go to-morrow, at "twelve o'clock," to the Royal Exchange, "the centre of the commerce of this great nation, and proclaimed this belief, he would be laughed at."

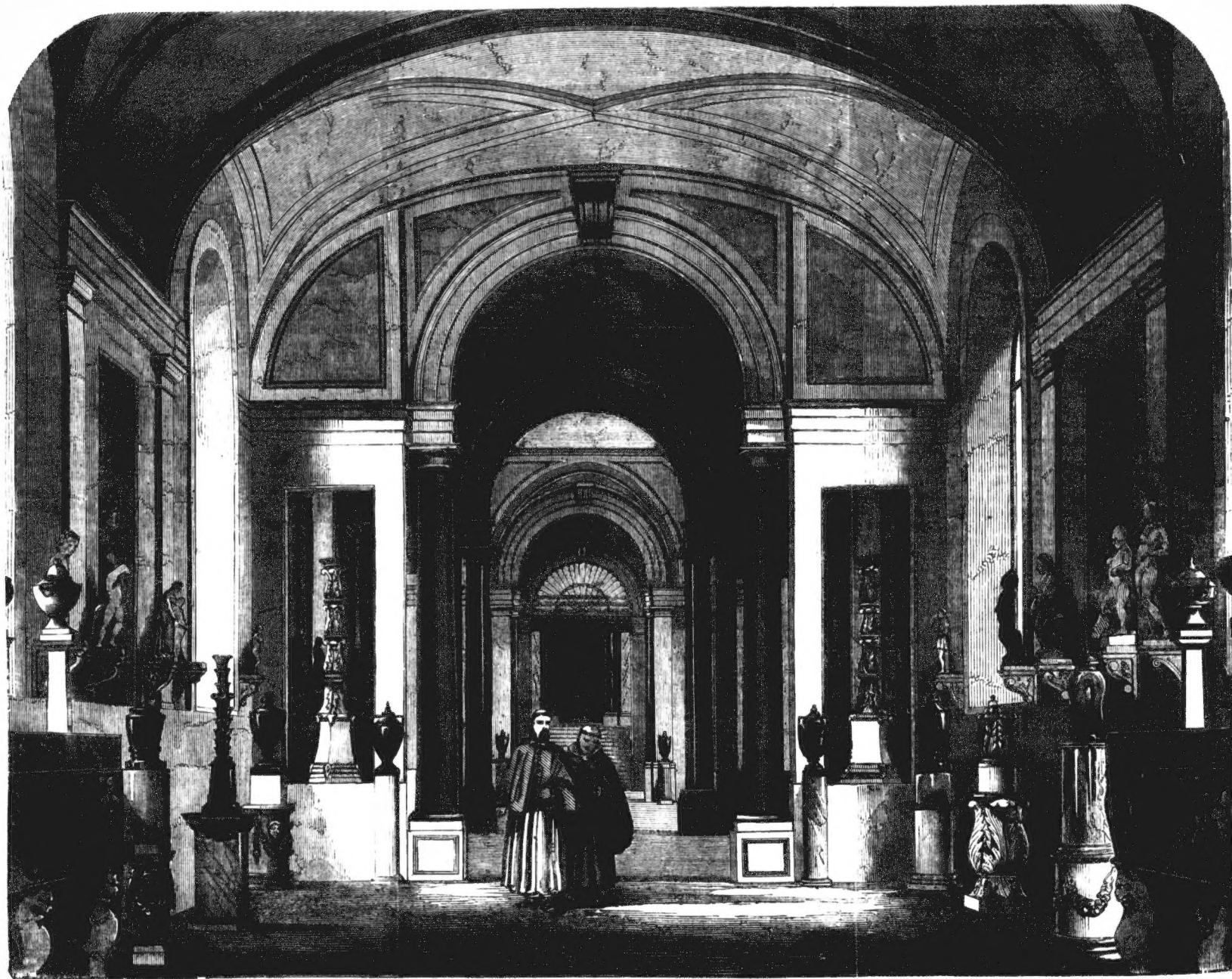
**"NOT SACRED TO THE MEMORY," &c.**—The Dean of Carlisle has met with an unlooked-for and somewhat extraordinary difficulty in placing a monument in Carlisle Cemetery above the remains of his son. He had caused a handsome polished granite monument to be made in Aberdeen, a portion of the inscription being the words, "Sacred to the memory," &c. On taking the usual steps to have it placed in the cemetery, the Burial Board, in the fulness of its wisdom and authority, objected to the word "sacred" as "unmeaning and superfluous." The dean replied that the board could hardly understand the meaning of the term or its use in the case by raising such an objection; that had he anticipated the objection he would not have used the word; but that it could not now be removed without defacing the monument. Ultimately the board relented; but the dean has challenged their right to interfere at all with monumental inscriptions, and submitted the question to Chancellor Burton.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known; it is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest; it softens the gums and relieves all pain or irritation; it regulates the bowels, cures wind colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottle.—[Advertisement.]

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Homian's Tea is now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. per hester. Every Genuine Packet is signed by Homian and Son, and d. —[Advertisement.]



THE SHOOTING STAR SHOWERS, AS SEEN NEAR HIGHGATE. (See page 375.)



THE GALLERY OF THE VATICAN AT ROME (See page 376.)

## THE RELIGION OF RUSSIA.

Most religions to be found in the ancient continent have their adherents in Russia. The Court, however, and the great body of the nation profess the Russo-Greek Christian faith, denominated by its votaries the orthodox or true Catholic faith. The points in which it principally differs from the Roman Catholic faith, are, its denying the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, its prohibiting the celibacy of the clergy, and its authorising all individuals to ready and study the Scriptures in their vernacular tongue. The prohibition of celibacy is carried to such an extent, that no priest can perform any spiritual function before he is married, nor after he becomes a widower; and as he is not allowed to remarry, the death of his wife and the cessation of his functions as a priest (unless he be specially allowed by the bishop to continue them) are necessarily identical! The priests may, however, on the death of their wives, enter into a convent, and enjoy the barren privilege of becoming eligible to be dignitaries of the Church. Pictures of saints are admitted into the Russo-Greek churches and houses; but all statues, bas-reliefs, &c., are rigidly excluded. There are several fasts, of which that of Easter, which continues for seven weeks, is the longest and strictest. Divine service is performed in the native tongue; and singing in churches is unaccompanied by any sort of instrumental music. The total population professing the Russo-Greek faith may be estimated at about 50,000,000. No country in Europe possesses such a number of fine churches as Russia. The meanest village is generally furnished with a temple ornamented with gilt domes and spires. These edifices are nearly all in the Grecian style of architecture, substantially built of brick, plastered and painted with much taste, forming a striking contrast to the huts or izbus of the peasantry by which they are surrounded.



A RUSSIAN METROPOLITAN IN HIS SACRED ROBES.

There are in Russia nearly 500 cathedrals and about 29,000 churches attached to the established faith, the latter employing about 70,000 secular or parochial clergymen. There are also about 550 convents, of which 480 are for men and seventy for women. Adjoining to each church or near it, there is always a *kolokolnja* or belfry, commonly of great height, and provided with large bells, which are tolled several times during every service, and on holidays kept ringing the whole day. The Russians are passionately fond of the sound of bells, and larger and finer ones are nowhere to be found; every church has in its steeple four or five of different sizes; and in many this number is doubled and even trebled.

The Russian Church was long subordinate to that of the Eastern empire, its metropolitan being nominated by the patriarch of Constantinople. But after the capture of the latter city by the Turks in 1453, the Russian clergy appointed their own metropolitan. This practice continued till the reign of Peter the Great, who declared himself the head of the Russo-Greek Church, appointing, at the same time, a synod for the management of its affairs. The clergy are either secular or regular—the former consisting of the parochial clergy, and the latter of the higher dignitaries, monks, &c. The hierarchy is composed of bishops, archbishops, and metropolitans. There are in all thirty-eight dioceses.

In Russia, as in most other countries, the piety, or superstition of individuals, had conferred great wealth on the Church, particularly on the monasteries. This having occasioned many abuses and irregularities, afforded a pretext, of which Peter the Great availed himself, not only to suppress various monasteries, but to deprive the Church of the greater part of its wealth. In the reign of Charles II, the degradation of the clergy was completed by the appropriation of the whole immoveable property of the Church to the State.



HEAD QUARTERS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT SAN FRANCISCO (See page 375.)

## MRS. CROW'S NEW STORY.

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Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand

that we are unable to do so either from their peculiarity, or that our

correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information

themselves.

TO FRIENDS OF THE FAITH.—In answer to another correspondent

I would state that a most useful book has just been published,

"The Statistics relating to Friendly Industrial and Provident Societies," with an introduction and notes by Mr. J. D. B. Allom, Esq.,

F.R.S., F.R.G.S., which is well calculated to give a clear and

comprehensive view of the present condition of these societies, and

of the various forms of insurance they now offer.

For further information, refer to Mr. J. D. B. Allom, Esq., 18, Brunswick,

Square, or to Mr. J. Dicks, 313, Strand.

R. T.—If you cannot find anything satisfactory as to the real character of the person known in history as Perkin Warbeck, who pretended to be the heir to the British Crown some three hundred and fifty years or so ago, in any of the historians, or essayists, or magazine writers how do you suppose that any one else is to give it to you? All that is known on the subject is what the persons referred to have hunted out and written; and the fact that the question, like that of the authorship of the letters of Junius, is still a matter of dispute, shows clearly enough that no evidence has yet been adduced on either side of the overwhelming character which your friend spirit craves for.

D. E.—If a man marries a widow with children, and the property which she possesses is not settled on herself, it becomes the husband's at her death.

FISHERMAN.—All kinds of fishing-tackle can be procured at No. 132c, Oxford-street (near Holles-street).

F. G.—To become a public singer, you must practise laboriously for a long time, you must have a good voice and an ear for music. It will cost you no inconsiderable sum to take the requisite lessons of a competent teacher.

E. S.—The churchyard having been closed under the Act of Parliament, you cannot compel the parochial authorities to open the grave for the reception of another coffin.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

## ANNIVERSARIES.

H. W. L. B.

A. M. P. M.

24	S	General Haylock died, 1857...	... ... ...	2	51	3	17
25	S	26th Sunday after Trinity	... ... ...	3	40	4	2
26	M	Michaelmas Term ends	... ... ...	4	28	4	53
27	T	Princess Mary Adelaide born, 1833	... ... ...	5	17	5	42
28	W	Washington Irving died, 1859	... ... ...	6	8	6	36
29	T	Sheridan Knowles died 1862...	... ... ...	7	3	7	34
30	F	Sun rises, 7h 41m.; sets, 3h. 51m.	... ... ...	8	9	8	45

Moon's changes.—Last quarter, 29th, 3h. 5m., a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Prov. 17; John 17.

AFTERNOON.

Prov. 19; Heb. 1.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast, Fast Days, &c.—25th, St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr (A.D. 307); 30th, St. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

It is indeed high time that something should be done to induce a superior class of men to enter the army. The War-office is at its wit's end for reliefs for Canada and India. The stupid mistake of amalgamating the English and Indian armies has not been yet repaired, and if that blunder is not to be undone, the need of more regiments of the line, and a more efficient system of recruiting, is daily becoming more imperative, nay, indispensable. Wages are steadily advancing, and will, we trust, continue to advance. Emigration and intercourse by steam has opened to every young man resources and alternatives which would have been deemed fabulous a generation ago. Even when he gets into a scrape and falls out with his family, there are several things he can do beside enlisting or committing suicide. The navy and the mercantile marine are finding this out to their cost, and both will in future have to lay their accounts with the altered plight and humour of the people. It is simply departmental dribbling to reorganise the army while ignoring these truths. If the army is to be made to keep pace with the growth of the time, the Horse Guards must make up its mind to open up the career of promotion by merit, from the drummer-boy to the commander in the field; to obliterate absolutely and for ever the insulting brand-mark of unequal birth and unequal wealth within the gates of the camp; to establish the principle that there shall be one law to officer and private, rich and poor; and, as for the first essential preliminary change, corporal punishment has to be totally abolished. Such was the reform that gave revolutionary France an army that overmatched those of all decrepit Europe in 1793. Such were the reforms that rescued Prussia after the overthrow of Jena from humiliation and thralldom, and which have in our day made her the youngest and most formidable empire of the world. And, finally, such are the principles whereby the great commonwealth of the West has been enabled, with success and safety, to enrol, arm, clothe, and pay 1,200,000 men within a few months, to conduct them to victory in the field, and to dismiss them to their homes without dispute or murmur when the work was done. On no other basis is it possible for us to reorganise our army so that it shall become at once safe and strong, a piece of our own country abroad, and honoured by its countrymen at home.

EXTRAORDINARY BANK ROBBERY.—A fraud of considerable extent has just been discovered in Bordeaux. The Bordeaux branch of the Bank of France recently received from the dependency of the same establishment at Poitiers a sum of money in sealed bags, each containing 10,000f. (£400). These, after being weighed and found correct, were deposited in the bank safe, but on being opened a few days later two of them were found to be filled with shot. The money when made up at Poitiers was put into bags marked with the name of the clerk who had verified the contents. Before being despatched to Bordeaux they had, however, been placed in a second and stouter envelope, and the substitution is supposed to have taken place at that moment. The police of both Poitiers and Bordeaux are actively engaged in endeavouring to discover the guilty parties.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A WOMAN WHILE IN A FIR.—At Nantwich a few evenings ago a woman named Dutton was left alone in her house a few minutes by her husband. On his return he found the room on fire and full of smoke. His wife was found lying with her head under the fire-grate and quite dead, her body presenting a pitiful appearance. Her clothes were entirely burned away, and also the greater part of the flesh. Her hair was also burnt off, and every article in the room consumed more or less, the blankets and sheets being entirely gone. A medical gentleman pronounced the woman to have had a fit and fallen under the grate, and said she must have died before her clothes had caught fire.

THROAT DISEASE.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved successful in America, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, a dose in this country at 1s. 4d. per box. Some of the most eminent physicians of the "Royal Italian Opera," London, pronounce them the best article for Hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Mr. Ward, teacher, says, "I have often recommended them to those who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." Sold by all chemists.—[Advertisement.]

## Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, Dr. Lankester held an inquest at the Silver Cup Cromer-street, on Charles Hyatt, carpenter, aged fifty-three. A year or so back he fractured his skull by accident, since which he has been a hard drinker. On the previous Friday morning he left his bed at an early hour, and he was discovered dead, heels uppermost, in a butt at the bottom of the yard. The butt was only eighteen inches broad, and had very little water in it. Verdict "Suicide whilst in a state of temporary insanity."

On Saturday, Dr. Lankester held an inquest at St. Mary's Hospital, on James Newby, a fireman, killed on the Great Western Railway. On the return of the jury from the hospital dead-house one of them, addressing the coroner, said they had had their feelings outraged by the treatment the body had received at the hands of a number of medical students who were in the dead-house. One or two poked it with sticks, whilst the rest set up a laugh, and this in the presence of the poor widow. Other members of the jury expressed strong indignation at the conduct of the students, and several of the young fellows coming at the moment into the room were plainly told they deserved to be horsewhipped. The summoning-officer said their conduct was disgraceful. The coroner warned the students that a dead body being, as this was, under the jurisdiction of the coroner, he could commit them for contempt of court for treating it with indignity. He assured them that if a similar complaint were made to him again he would have the perpetrators of so shameful an offence at once committed. The inquest was a simple case of accident, and a verdict to that effect was given; but the jury urged the coroner to write to the hospital authorities on the subject, and Dr. Lankester at once waited upon the secretary and laid the case before him.

On Saturday morning the remains of a human body were found in a small wood on Bury Farm, about one mile from the Edmonton Station on the South-Eastern Railway. As Mr. Ellis, the proprietor, and his son were shooting in the wood, the latter thought he observed a man, lying on the ground. On proceeding to the spot they discovered a corpse extended at full length, the face inclining to one side. The body was dressed rather decently in a brown shooting coat, dark trousers, silk hat, and boots with spring sides. A part of a newspaper was found in one of the pockets, dated August 18, 1866, which was probably the date when the man died. When the body was moved it was found to be perfectly decomposed, very little flesh remaining on the bones. There was nothing discovered to lead to identity.

A SHOCKING murder is supposed to have been committed on

Saturday evening at the village of Carlton, two miles from Nottingham, the victim being Mr. Henry Raynor, an accountant and rent collector living at Nottingham. It appears that Mr. Raynor left home on Saturday afternoon to go to Carlton to the house of a man named Watson, who occupied a cottage under the deceased. He arrived there about five o'clock, and was seen alive by several persons at Watson's house as late as six o'clock. About ten minutes to eight his dead body was found on the Midland Railway by the Carlton station-master's son. The body had evidently been placed on the line by some one, so as to make it appear that he had been run over, and thus killed. The spot where he was found was about three-quarters of a mile from Watson's house, his mat basket and walking-stick being by his side. No train had passed over him. His head had been frightfully mangled, and his hands were cut; and, from his appearance, no doubt could be entertained that he had been murdered and then put upon the railway. The police were at once communicated with, and Watson was apprehended by Mr. Superintendent Palethorpe on suspicion of the murder. A quarrel had taken place between the deceased and Watson about the tenancy of the cottage.

On Monday morning the half-yearly muster of the four battalions of the Guards—namely, the 1st and 2nd battalions of Grenadier Guards, the 2nd battalion of the Coldstreams, and 1st Scots Fusiliers, took place on the parade in St. James's-park, before Colonel Whitmore, the deputy adjutant-general. The military inspection is most severe, as every man has to be passed by the "muster" master.

On Sunday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, a gentlemanly-looking person fell down in an epileptic fit opposite the Royal Free Hospital. Some persons came to his assistance, and on his returning to consciousness he expressed a desire to be taken home. He gave his address, and three young men volunteered their services, one supporting and the other two following him. When close to Mecklenburg-square, they threw him down and rifled his pockets of about 40s. in gold and silver, and then left him. The gentleman was found in that position, and assistance was given, and eventually he reached home.

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—The principal work now to be done in this department is

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

No less than one hundred and fifty packing cases of flowers were sent by railway to Compiegne to be presented to the Empress on her *fête* day (November 15) by the guests staying at the Chateau. What a fatiguing task for her Majesty to appear agreeably "surprised" at the presentation of each bouquet!

An altercation occurred the other evening in the lobby of the Italian Opera. One of the disputants, said to be a foreigner, drew out a pistol and fired it at the other, happily without doing any damage.

The *Memorial Diplomatique* has the following:—"We learn from Miramar that St. Charles's day being the *fête* of the Empress of Mexico, was observed there by a mass celebrated in the chapel of the Chateau by Mgr. Raichich, principal chaplain to the Austrian navy, and who formerly held a similar office to the Archduke Maximilian. After the religious ceremony, at which the Empress was present, her suite and all the persons attached to the service of the chateau were admitted to offer their congratulations to her Majesty. The august princess talked with the different people without any trace of the mental disturbance she has been suffering under being discernible. The same day her Majesty was agreeably surprised by receiving a telegram from the Emperor Maximilian by the Atlantic cable, congratulating her on her *fête* in the most affectionate terms. The Emperor and Empress of Austria, as well as the other members of the imperial family, had also forwarded their compliments by telegraph."

## SPAIN.

The Madrid correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, writing on the 13th, says that the Duchess de Montpensier has just had an interview with the Queen of Spain, for the purpose of warning her of the dangers to the dynasty which must result from the present system of Government. "Her royal highness," continues the correspondent, "urged her Majesty, with much earnestness, to make concessions and rally round her the liberal element, adding that if she did not do so, the day of the catastrophe would not be far distant, and that it would drag everything down with it; the person of the Queen, her dynasty, and all the royal family. By making concessions in time calculated to lead to sincere reconciliation with the liberal party, her enemies would become less numerous, and if some few took up a threatening attitude, she would see devoted defenders range themselves around her; the Infanta added that her husband, the Duke de Montpensier, would be the first to mount his horse to defend the constitutional throne of the Queen. Her Majesty replied to the duchess that her royal highness could not possibly have a correct idea of the state of Spain; that she had adopted a policy which gave excellent results; that that policy was the only one that would save her crown, her dynasty, and the interests and rights of all her family; that she was resolved on no account to modify in any way that policy. The Queen added:—"The revolution has declared war against me to the death. Well, I, on my side, declare war against the revolution; we shall see which of the two will conquer. To abandon at the moment of the struggle the policy of resistance upon which I have entered, and make concessions, would be my ruin, and I have before my eyes the example of my cousin, the King of Naples, who, after having given way to the revolution and granted all the concessions asked of him, was nevertheless compelled to descend from his throne and go into exile. I am thoroughly determined not to follow his example; I will resist, therefore, and I am firmly resolved to vanquish or die."

## ANGLO-SAXON CROSSES IN ILKLEY CHURCHYARD, YORKSHIRE.

We have engraved, from a photograph, on page 381, three interesting monuments, which stand side by side in the churchyard of Ilkley. They belong to a class of antiquities which are found scattered over the northern counties of England, over some parts of North Wales, and in the Isle of Man, distinguished in all these localities by ornamentation of an entirely similar character. In some cases, in the north of England and in the Isle of Man, they bear inscriptions, which are, we believe, always in Runic characters, and hence they are commonly called Runic crosses (for crosses they have all been.) In the examples found in England, both the Runes and the language are always Anglo-Saxon, and the inscribed crosses go back to the earlier ages of Anglo-Saxon Christianity, as far as the seventh century—and several of them commemorate personages known in history. Others are evidently of a more recent date; but it is not probable that any of them are of a later date than the twelfth century. Those at Ilkley probably belong to the Anglo-Saxon period. The Runic inscriptions in the Isle of Man are Danish, and belong to a later date than a great portion of the Anglo-Saxon Runic crosses. The exact date of the similar crosses in Wales is, from several circumstances, more doubtful.

Ilkley is what we should call a small town, though the people of the neighbourhood insist on calling it a "market village," picturesquely situated in one of the finest parts of Wharfdale, and is interesting on several accounts. It occupies the site of a Roman town named Olicana, which, as we learn from an inscribed altar dug up here, was garrisoned by the second cohort of the Lingones. Another inscribed monument found here informs us, that the place had undergone restorations by order of the pro-prator of Britain, in the reign of the Emperor Severus, perhaps after it had suffered from some inroad of the wild Caledonians from the north. The houses and cottages in one part of the town (or village) are here and there ornamented with sculptured Roman stones. The church itself is not very remarkable one. The steeple, which is by much the oldest part of the building, appears to be built partly of Roman materials taken from the buildings of the ancient town. In the lower part of the wall in the interior, the visitor will observe a very curious sculptured stone, which is, no doubt, a specimen of late Roman art, and ought to be taken from its present resting-place and deposited in a local museum. Ilkley is at present celebrated as one of the chief places of resort for those who seek the "cold-water-cure," for which there are large and well-known establishments; and it is much visited on Sundays by the population of the neighbouring districts, on account of its attractive situation. It is a very beautiful though rather a long drive from Leeds.

**THE FENIAN GOVERNMENT.**—An American paper states that George Francis Train will hold an important office in the Fenian Government "that will rule Ireland under Mr. Stephens."

**EXCISION PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES** for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Wight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacturer, Ipswich.—(Advertisement.)

## THE STAR SHOWERS.

THE wonderful scene presented in the heavens on Tuesday night week (shown in our illustration on page 372) was beyond all anticipations even of those philosophers who have studied these phenomena during the past twenty years. Fully that time ago (1846) Mr. Glaisher planted observers to watch at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich; but the exact periods of the appearance of the shooting-star showers not being then clearly calculable, from the want of a tabulated and sufficient series of observations, and also from the absence of the exact knowledge of the nature, number, and positions of the radiant points in the heavens from which the meteoritic showers take their visible direction, the results were not what was desired. Since then the energies of the observers have been encouraged by the combined proceedings taken under the direction of the special committee of the British Association, the principal members of which are Mr. Glaisher himself, Mr. R. P. Grey, Mr. Brayley, and Mr. Alex. Herschel. For Tuesday night and the night previous all available means were prepared for the proper observation of the anticipated showers by these gentlemen. Star maps and directions for noting the paths of the meteors and their directions across the stars were issued to other observers assisting in the general labours over the country; in all not less than a hundred competent persons, including the Rev. C. Pritchard, the President of the Astronomical Society in the Isle of Wight; Professor Adams and Professor Challis, at Cambridge; Professor Chevallier, at Durham; Dr. Gladstone, at Bayswater; Mr. Grove, the President of the British Association, in Harley-street; and Lord Wrottesley, at Wolverhampton. Mr. Alex. Herschel was with Professor Grant at the Glasgow Observatory. By the eight observers stationed at Greenwich, each of whom took his special division of the sky, upwards of 7,000 were recorded between the hours of eleven p.m. and five a.m., of which 4,000 were counted between one and two o'clock. Even as late as six o'clock in the morning, bright meteors were seen. The radiant point—the point in the heavens towards which the earth was moving at the time—was well marked in the constellation Leo. Mr. Glaisher himself, unfortunately in ill health, was constrained to watch from the windows of his residence. He devoted himself essentially to the spectroscopic examination of those seen, but was unable to detect any special lines in the spectra indicative of the presence in the combustion of the body or in the trains of either alkaline salts or metals.

In a letter recently communicated to the Fellows of the Royal Society Mr. Alexander Herschel reminded the public of the spectacle about to be displayed in these words:—

"The main body of the meteors is expected to visit the western shores of the Atlantic Ocean towards sunrise on the 14th of November. In the absence of the moon darkness may be expected to add an exceptional character to the display, both for the numbers and brilliancy of the meteors and for the peculiar features of leaving trains, &c., by which they are distinguished. Should it happen a few hours earlier than the predicted time, the maximum, instead of being visible in America, will be visible in Europe. For two years past the 13th rather than the 14th of November has, in fact, been the principal date of the display."

The fact having also been published by Mr. Hinds in another quarter, and noticed in most of the daily and weekly journals, thousands of people waited up beyond their usual hour for retiring to rest to be gratified in witnessing a display of natural fireworks in the firmament exceeding in delicacy and beauty the best efforts of the human pyrotechnist.

The display so many have witnessed with so much delight, and so many have since so much regretted they have not seen, was absolutely unique in its perfection. Only once in thirty-three years can any such marvellous shower occur, and as the chances of the existence of fogs, mists, rain, and generally of bad weather, interposing clouds and other atmospheric causes necessarily materially diminish the probabilities of a good prospect of the phenomenon when it does happen, it is very seldom in the annals of history that any conspicuous account of this rare and beautiful scene is recorded. About half-past eleven a few stray fiery visitors were seen darting across the sky above the lamp-lit streets, after considerable intervals, but between that time and one o'clock the frequency of the appearances greatly increased, until between one and two the scene was one of the most fascinating and inexpressible loveliness. The whole sky was clear of cloud, and transparent even into the depths of the pure vast eternity of boundless space. Every star glittered in the twinkling rays of its distant glory. But out of one particular region shot incessantly fiery darts and lances, traversing the mid-air, as it would have seemed to the men of the primitive ages that the gods of their imaginations were at celestial warfare. In the spotless heavens they soared along incessantly, leaving their bright, feathery, golden streaks upon the deep purple mantle of the night.

## THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

SUCH startling phenomena arise in American society that we are seldom startled by any intelligence from that half of the world. A few years since in California, a step was taken by the people, which, for the boldness, precision, and success with which it was carried through, is almost unique; and it, also, could not have happened out of America.

San Francisco was made rich by the gold discoveries, but by no means moral. Unheard-of outrages were daily committed in its streets, till at length ruffianism, overcame the law, and no man's life was safe, even on the highway. But while on the one hand ruffianism grew strong, there grew also a determination to put it down. Suddenly, the legal arm being still insufficient to reach offenders, the outraged citizens of San Francisco rose by thousands, enrolled themselves into a Vigilance Committee, and appointed an executive to deal swift justice, and rid the city of its pests. The law was completely superseded; the judges ignored; and the new executive, supported by the Vigilance Confederation in arms, proceeded at once to carry out the duties imposed on them. We remember how certain culprits were demanded out of the hands of the legal authorities by the committee, with fixed bayonets and a little park of artillery to back the claim; and how these culprits were solemnly marched to the place where the executive was sitting, and there summarily tried, condemned, and executed. This was the first scene in the drama; and as the labours of the committee were inaugurated, so they were carried on, with very wholesome results.

More remarkable, however, than the formation of the committee, was its dissolution. Its ends attained—the city purged, by banishment or what not, of the common enemy, the ruffian—the committee resolved to give back its trust. There was some difficulty in that; there was the difficulty of being made individually responsible for the usurpation of legal power. But the committee accepted this hazard at its formation, and they did not seek to avoid it by retaining the power they had seized when the purposes for which it had been assumed were accomplished. There-

fore they voluntarily disbanded; exhibiting in the ceremony of abdication that the power they resigned was still as real as ever. From 6,000 to 10,000 men under arms escorted the members of the executive from the committee rooms back to their residences, thus making a demonstration of concurrence in the acts of the committee.

On page 373 we give an illustration of the head-quarters of the Vigilance Committee.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN RUSSIA.

SUNDAY week was a day of rest at the palace of St. Petersburg, the great levee and other festivities having been postponed. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales attended Divine service in the convenient and elegant chapel of the English residents in St. Petersburg. His royal highness was accompanied by Sir Andrew Buchanan, Lord Hamilton, and the members of his suite. The church was filled to repletion; a considerable number of Russians and Germans being present to increase the congregation, who respectfully acknowledged the presence of the prince. On the following Monday his royal highness received a deputation, consisting of the treasurer of the English factory, and a number of the English residents in the city, who presented the following address:—

"To HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,  
K.G., &c.

"May it please your royal highness: We, the undersigned members of the British factory and British residents at St. Petersburg, impressed with feelings of devotion to our sovereign and attachment to our country, are desirous of presenting to your royal highness our tribute of respectful homage on the occasion of your visit to the Court of St. Petersburg.

"The auspicious event which has brought for the first time in the annals of history an heir to the throne of Great Britain to Russia, is one in which our heartfelt sympathies are enlisted. Grateful for the many advantages we enjoy under the government of the benevolent Emperor who rules this land, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity now afforded of giving expression to our earnest wishes for the happiness and prosperity of the imperial family, while we hail with satisfaction an event which, by uniting the Heir-apparent to the Throne of All the Russias to the Royal House of Denmark, establishes in the person of the august consort of your royal highness a tie between Russia and Great Britain of the happiest augury for friendly relations between the two countries.

"As residents at St. Petersburg, interested for the most part in commerce and manufactures, we are in a position to appreciate the manifold advantages which extended trade cannot fail to afford to both countries, for it is no imaginary bond that draws the two nations together, but a community of interests, based upon an interchange of services which the greatest agricultural people and the greatest manufacturing nation of Europe are capable of rendering to each other.

"We recognise the happy influence which the many important social and administrative reforms inaugurated during the present reign must inevitably exercise upon the development of the internal resources and foreign trade of this empire. We know that these signs of a coming prosperity will be as gladly welcomed by our countrymen in England as they are by the British residents at St. Petersburg, and the friendly feelings of our most gracious Sovereign towards Russia evinced by the visit of your royal highness to this country will be as fully appreciated by Englishmen as they doubtless are by the Russian people.

"St. Petersburg, Oct 29 (Nov. 1)."

The following is the reply of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales made to the address of the English residents:—

"Gentlemen,—I am much gratified by the sentiments which you have expressed to me on the occasion of my visit to St. Petersburg, and I shall not fail to acquaint the Queen with the feelings of loyalty, and patriotism that animates her Majesty's subjects in Russia. It is also gratifying to me to learn, as I am sure it will be to the Princess of Wales, that you hail the connexion now established between us and the hereditary Grand Duke as a means of strengthening the friendly relations of Great Britain with an empire in which you enjoy so many advantages, and I sympathize warmly with your earnest wishes for the happiness of the Emperor and the imperial family, and for the prosperity of the Russian nation. You say truly that a community of material interests must have a favourable influence on the intercourse of the two countries, and it affords me the highest satisfaction to know, that those interests are still upheld in Russia, as they have been for the last 300 years by a body of British residents who possess the respect and confidence of the Government and people, and who occupy a position at once honourable to themselves and to their country. We have happily become aware in England that our own welfare is promoted by that of this nation, and I congratulate you sincerely on your anticipations of a further development of the resources and commerce of Russia. Gentlemen, I thank you again for the interest you manifest in the marriage of the sister of the Princess of Wales with the Grand Duke Alexander Alexandrovitch, and for the hope that you have so well expressed of happy results from my alliance with the imperial family."

## Sporting.

## TUESDAY.

## MONDAY.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

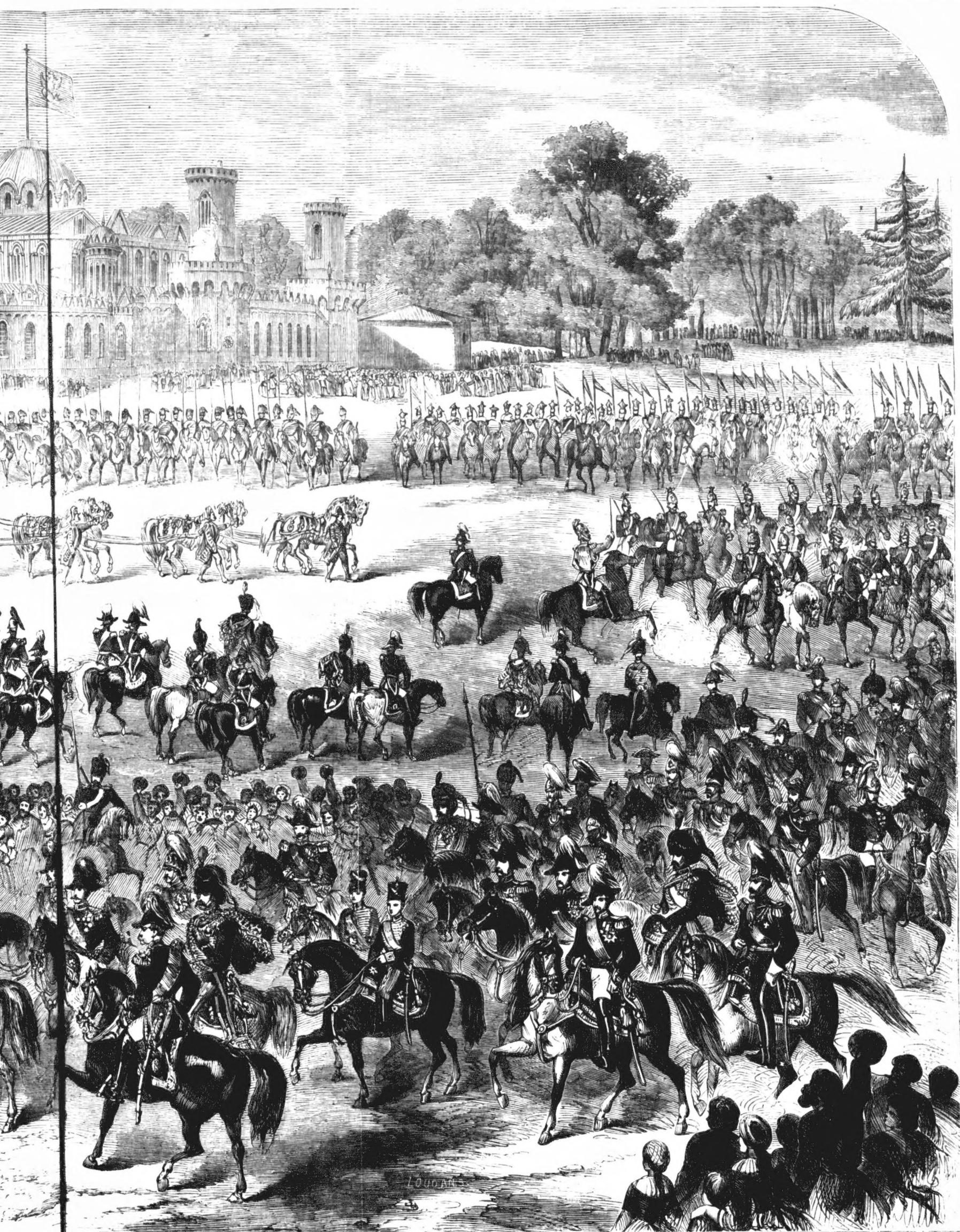
There was a somewhat numerous assemblage at the rooms, but nearly the whole of the afternoon was devoted to settling. In the way of speculation a few spray shots were fired from time to time, but the general disposition manifested was to "rest and be thankful"; and the season of 1866 may now be said to have fairly closed. During the afternoon some few transactions took place upon the Derby, for which event The Rake is at present by a long way the first favourite, as little as 8 to 1 having been accepted about him kindly. Plaudit is the next most in demand, for to-day, after being backed at 1,000 to 80, and 1,200 to 100, he eventually found supporters at 1,100 to 100. D'Estournel still occupies a place in the front rank, and was quietly invested upon at the quoted odds. The few other bets do not call for especial remark. Quotations as follows:—

THE DERBY.—800 to 100 agst Mr. Pryor's The Rake (t); 1,000 to 100 agst Major Elwood's Plaudit (t); 1,000 to 80 agst Mr. Savile's D'Estournel (t); 1,000 to 20 agst Mr. Wright's Uncle (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Cartwright's Thornapple (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. Merry's Summertime (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. Williams's The Priest (t); 400 to 10 agst Plaudit for the Two Thousand Guineas and The Rake for the Derby.

Beyond all competition!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments, Established 1833. The trade and amateur supplied with Harmoniums, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings, Lists free. 29, Minories, London.—(Advertisement.)



THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS DAGMAR AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF RUSSIA.—THE



ANCE OF RUSSIA.—THE PROCESSION PROCEEDING TO THE ANI'CHKOFF PALACE. (See page 369.)

## Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—The brief series of representations of Italian opera was brought to a termination on Saturday evening with a second performance of "Don Giovanni." The cast differed in two important points from that of the regular season—Mr. Santley being the Leporello in place of Signor Scallise, and Mr. Tom Hohler filling the part of Don Ottavio in the room of Signor Gardoni. The two English singers undertook their respective characters for the first time on the Wednesday previous. Mr. Santley sang the music of Leporello magnificently, though he has not quite sufficient humour for so avowedly a comic part as Leporello. His singing, nevertheless, would more than make amends for any shortcomings in this respect, on which account we prefer his Leporello to any we have seen or rather heard of late years. Mr. Tom Hohler had every encouragement given to him in his new part of Don Ottavio; and, if he fell short in some instances of realizing all the requirements of the music, it must be borne in mind that none but the best artists can accomplish it. He was, however, thoroughly satisfactory in the trio of masks with Mdlle. Titieno and Mdlle. Sincico, and his singing had no small effect in exciting the encore awarded to that piece both on Wednesday morning and Saturday evening. In the duet, too, with Donna Anna, in the first scene, "Fuggi, ah fuggi!" Mr. Hohler sang carefully and forcibly, and was most liberally applauded. His best effort was in the air, "Della sua pace," which was given with much sweetness and expression, and which made the audience quite enthusiastic, Mr. Hohler being recalled with vociferous applause. The performances of the other artists call for no particular remarks. The immense crowd which filled Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening proved that the brief series of operatic performances might have been carried on a week or two longer with advantage to the treasury. This, however, was rendered impracticable by the letting of the theatre to Mr. Edmund Falconer, and its opening on Monday night, with the new drama of "Oonagh; or, the Lovers of Lisnamona," the plot of which we reserve until our next.

DRURY LANE.—Miss Helen Faust commenced her engagement of twelve special performances on Monday evening, appearing as Rosalind in "As You Like It." Her reception was cordial in the extreme, and she was repeatedly complimented with special recalls. Mr. Walter Montgomery was the Orlando, and Mr. Swinburne the Jaques. Mr. W. Harrison appeared as Amiens, and sang with his accustomed taste, while Mr. H. Webb was a most effective Touchstone. On Wednesday morning there was a special performance on behalf of the sufferers from the late fire at the Standard Theatre, when "The School for Scandal" was presented.

AMONG the unfortunate passengers who were lost in the ill-fated Evening Star, American steamer, from New York to New Orleans, were the three Misses Fowler—two of them *danses*, and formerly pupils of Mrs. Conquest, of the Grecian, and the third a balladist, well known at Deacon's and other music halls. The eldest Miss Fowler, *serio-comic* singer, although in America, was not with her sisters when they left New York. Another well-known *serio-comic* songstress, Mrs. Annie Lawrence, recently singing at the Strand and the London Pavilion, was, we are informed by a private letter, also among those who perished. A few months ago Mrs. Lawrence delivered the address in aid of the Middleton Life-boat at Deacon's Music Hall. Alas! there was no lifeboat to save her and her sister professionals, one of whom, the youngest Miss Fowler, also sang for the same lifeboat fund.

## General News.

A YOUNG man, who has passed under the name of George Olsen, and who has been engaged as a lamp trimmer on board the United States steamer Madawaska, has just discovered that he is an Hungarian nobleman, that his true title is Edward Louis, Count Baththyani, and that he is the owner of an immense estate. He has already received £80,000 as a portion of the money due to him, and is now in Washington, under the protection of the Austrian ambassador, trying to get his discharge from the United States naval service.

*Galigani* informs its readers that "the eldest son of Prince Napoleon took his first lesson in riding the day before yesterday in the Imperial Riding School at the Louvre. This prince is not yet four and a-half years of age, having been born on the 18th of July, 1862. The Princess Clotilde was present at the lesson."

We understand that her Majesty's Government have decided on withdrawing the representative of this country from the Court of Saxony at once. The treaty of peace between Prussia and Saxony, by which the ruler of the latter State bound himself to accept the foreign policy and diplomatic action of the Court of Berlin as his own, rendering the future maintenance of diplomatic relations with the Court of Dresden unnecessary. Practically these had already ceased, as the Saxon minister accredited to the Government of this country, on quitting England, on leave some time ago, placed the management of affairs in the hands of Count Bernstorff, the Prussian ambassador.

CHIEF JUSTICE EYRE will sit for the last time in the Court of Common Pleas on the last day of term, when it is understood that the Attorney-General, on behalf of the bar, will give expression to the sense entertained of the ability and popularity of the retiring judge. Mr. Karslake, Q.C., will be the new Solicitor-General, in succession to Sir W. Bovill. A seat in parliament will, no doubt, be secured for Mr. Karslake by the commencement of the session.

*The Newburyport Herald* tells a story of a newly-married couple who attended a launch in that city. A staging gave way and let the gentleman into the water. Before he was rescued his wig came off and floated away. When he was pulled out, bald and drenched, his wife refused him, and besought the crowd that they would save her husband, pointing frantically to a bunch of hair drifting down the tide.

A YOUNG lady, named Miss Underwood, while passing along a street in Birmingham, on the 5th inst., was wounded in the side by the wadding from some description of fire-arm, and as a result of the injury sustained she expired on Sunday. The person who fired the fatal shot is unknown.

THE following noblemen and gentlemen are now in residence at Oxford University, viz.:—The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Jersey, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Emlyn, Lord Donoughmore, the Earl of Ilchester, Lord Warkworth, Lord Dalmeny, Lord Petersham, Lord Francis Hervey, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. A. F. Bertie, the Hon. A. F. A. Hanbury Tracy, the Hon. M. Ponsonby, and Sir C. F. Bonham, Bart.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES AND HIS CONSTITUENTS. On Monday evening Mr. T. Hughes, the member for Lambeth, met his constituents at the Lecture-hall, Carter-street, Wandsworth, for the purpose of giving an account of his stewardship during the past session. Mr. Selway, the chairman of Mr. Hughes's committee at the election, having been voted into the chair,

Mr. HUGHES, who was received with loud cheers, said he had met them on this occasion because he thought it right that a member should keep himself in sympathy with his constituents. He had laid down the rule that he would confine his speaking in the House of Commons to the cases in which he found he had something to say which nobody else would say. The first subject on which he addressed the house was that of the eviction by railway companies of the poor from their dwelling-houses. (Hear, hear.) He opposed the first Bill that proposed to do this, and was joined by others, they threw out the Bill triumphantly. Two or three nights afterwards another Bill turned up, and he set to work and opposed it, and then the chairman of committees got up and said if that course were taken it would be detrimental to large interests, and he suggested that, as everybody agreed with the object he had in view, the best way to do would be to draw up a standing order. He agreed to that, and drew up an order, to the effect that a company seeking powers to take down dwelling-houses should be compelled to build an equal number of other houses of a similar description within a certain radius. But when he proposed the adoption of this great standing order the chairman of committees said this was a great alteration which he did not think they could agree to, and he suggested that it should not be passed as a standing order, but that it should be introduced into Mr. Milner Gibson's Bill on the subject. Not knowing so much of the House of Commons at that time as he did now, he acceded to that suggestion, and drew up the clauses, but week after week passed on without the Bill being proceeded with, and at the end of the session Mr. Gibson withdrew it, leaving him (Mr. Hughes) out in the cold, and the poor people who were turned out of their houses out in the cold too, for between the time that he proposed that standing order and the end of the session not less than 20,000 persons were turned out of their dwellings. It was found impossible to do anything in that matter during the whole of the session. Mr. Torrens had a Bill to provide for the erection of improved dwellings for the poor, but at the end of the session he was obliged to withdraw it. Take a contrast. The very first night of the session a measure was brought in by the country party for dealing with the cattle plague. It contained provisions of a very strong character, such as no one would have thought would have ever passed the House of Commons, but that measure was forced and carried through the house within three weeks. That showed what a class having a direct representation in the house could do. The next time he addressed the house was on the subject of the neutrality laws, in reference to the Alabama. He and Mr. Mill advocated the reference of that matter to arbitration. It seemed there was to be a commission appointed on the subject. He was glad to find that Earl Derby said some civil things of America at the Mansion House. His lordship said that the laying of the Atlantic telegraph by an English company had vindicated England's old claim to the dominion of the seas. Now, he thought that was an unfortunate expression, because there were two sides to that question. He would read some lines in reference to it in a letter, published in America from Jonathan to John:—

We own the ocean, too, John,  
You must not think it hard,  
If we cannot think with you, John,  
It's just your own back yard.  
Ole Uncle S.,  
Says he, I guess,  
If that's his game, says he,  
The fencing stuff  
Will cost enough  
To bust up ole J. B.

(Laughter.) The next time he had the honour of addressing the house was on the subject of reform, and the object of his speech was to show that in all cases in which their interests came in collision with the represented classes the unrepresented went to the wall. As instances of this hon. member referred to the law relating to masters and servants, the state of education (which he said ought to be compulsory), the question of houses, and the inefficiency of the laws for the prevention of adulteration of food and drink. These questions, he maintained, would soon be settled if the people were directly represented. He believed that the Reform Bill of last session would have passed the Commons but for so much talk concerning it. Whether Lord Derby's Government would bring in a Reform Bill he did not know, but if they did, and it gave household suffrage, he would support it. For himself, he was in favour of Mr. Hare's plan of giving representation to minorities ("No"), and he should like an education test not such an one as that provided in Mr. Clay's Bill, but he thought that if a man could write his name freely he might be allowed to vote. The hon. member then referred at some length to the letter which he wrote in reference to the Hyde-park disturbances, and which appeared to be a sore subject with the meeting. He justified himself on the plea that the Government had offered facilities for referring the matter to a legal tribunal, and that he thought that offer ought to have been accepted. He gave the Reform League credit for every desire to prevent disturbance, and admitted that within their organization there was no disturbance, but beyond it there was an uncontrollable mob. On this subject he would again quote from the letter "from Jonathan to John":—

Our folk believe in law, John,  
And it's for her sake now  
They've left the axe and saw, John,  
The anvil and the plough.  
Ole Uncle S.,  
Says he, I guess,  
If 'tweren't for law, says he,  
There'd be one shindy  
From here to Indy,  
Which would not suit J. B.

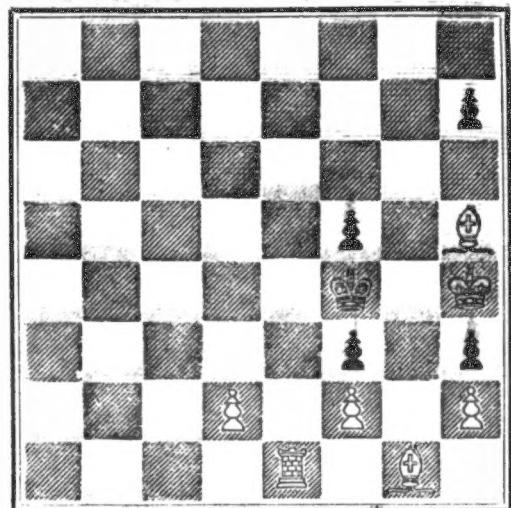
(Cheers and laughter.) He only made one other speech in the House of Commons, and that was on the subject of Jamaica. He and Mr. Mill, the member for Westminster, urged on the Government that it was their duty to put Mr. Eyre, the late governor of Jamaica, on his trial. (Loud cheers and some slight hissing.) There were grave constitutional questions involved in this matter which could be settled in no other manner. In conclusion, Mr. Hughes thanked the meeting for the patience with which they had heard him, and said he highly appreciated the honour of being the member for Lambeth.

On the motion of Mr. GRENVILLE, seconded by Mr. LAING, a vote of confidence in Mr. Hughes was then passed, and the meeting separated.

## Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 395.—By W. G.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in five moves.

Game between Messrs. K. and P.

White.

Mr. K.

1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4
3. K Kt to B 3
4. P to K R 4
5. Kt to K 5
6. B to Q B 4
7. P to Q 4
8. Kt to Q 3 (a)
9. P takes P
10. B to K 3
11. K to Q 2
12. Q Kt to B 3
13. P to B 4
14. P to B 5
15. Q to K Kt square
16. Kt to B 4
17. Q R to K square
18. B takes B
19. K to Q B square
20. P takes P
21. Q B to K Kt 5 (c)
22. B takes Kt
23. Kt takes P
24. Q to K 3
25. Q takes Q
26. Kt to B 6
27. Kt takes R
28. R takes P
29. R at B 5 to K 5
30. R to K B square
31. R to R 7
32. P to Q 5
33. R takes Q Kt P
34. R takes Kt

BLACK RESIGNS.

(a) He might also have taken K B P. with Kt.

(b) It is more usual to play P takes P; and on the Q retaking,

12. B to K Kt 5.

(c) Well played. From this point the game of White is easy enough.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 387.

White.

1. K to Kt 2
2. R to K 4
3. R mates

(a)

1. P takes R.
2. Any move

Black has other defences, but none to delay the mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 388.

Black.

1. K to K Kt square (a)
2. K to K B 2
3. K to Kt square

(a)

1. P takes R.
2. Any move

G. W. B.—1. We have examined your problems, but find each of them faulty. We have returned the positions as requested.

2. We think Jaques, of Hatton Garden.

M. A. R.—You cannot do better than subscribe to the "Chess Players' Magazine." The problems and games which appear therein are of the highest order; and the annotations to the games are copious and valuable.

M. FREYDORFF, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Baden, has just been married to Mdlle. Cornberg, an actress, known in the theatrical world under the name of Mdlle. Thone.

ENVIALE PRIVILEGE.—"On the death of the Taïcon of Japan," says a letter from that country in the *Independence*, "ten high dignitaries demanded the unspeakable favour of being allowed to rip themselves up in honour of the deceased ruler. Five only were deemed worthy, the others not being sufficiently noble to receive it."

**Law And Police:****POLICE COURT  
THAMES.**

**GAROTTING.**—Johanne Macarthy, a well-known thief, aged 23, was charged with receiving, well knowing it to be stolen, a silver watch the property of Charles Peterson, a seaman. On the night of the 1st of October Peterson was garotted, and after considerable ill-usage, robbed of his watch in Ratcliff-highway by two men. One of his assailants, whose name is Charles White, a ticket-of-leave convict who had undergone three years, was afterwards arrested by Police-constable Childs, No. 199 H. A clear *print face* case was made out that he had seized and compressed the prosecutor's neck, used him with great brutality, and assisted in stealing his watch. On the morning of White's examination at this court, and after he had been committed for trial, Childs saw Macarthy and three other women outside the court. They all got about the prosecutor, and Childs heard the prisoner say, "Come with us and we will give you your watch, and you need not appear." Childs followed the women and the prosecutor, and said acathly, "You have got the watch; give it to me, or I will take you all to the station-house." Macarthy then handed a silver watch to Childs and said, "A man gave it to me, and told me to give it to the sailor." Childs asked her who was the man that gave her the watch and she made no answer. The watch was produced and identified, and the prisoner, who made no defence, was committed for trial.

**LAMBETH.**

**Curious Charge of Assault.**—Mr. Alfred Butler, solicitor, appeared to answer to a summons charging him with assaulting Mr. David Hall, a professor of music and singing, residing at No. 6, Mary's-place, Park-road, New Peckham. Mr. Robinson, the barrister, attended for the defence. The complainant, a little man, sixty-three years of age, said that on Friday, the 2nd inst., while sitting in his study, he heard a loud knocking at his front-door, and in a few minutes Mr. Butler, the defendant, made his appearance, and addressing him, asked if his name was Hall? He replied in the affirmative, and he then called him an old fool and scoundrel, and asked what he meant by insulting and annoying his sisters. He then laid hold of him, forced him into his parlour, shook him about for several minutes, tore his coat, and told him that if he did not sign a paper which he should dictate he should lock him up in a lunatic asylum. He called to his son and daughter, and the latter having made her appearance, the defendant asked her, if her father was not insane or mad. His daughter was so terrified that fearing she might suffer serious consequences, he signed the paper dictated, but he did so wholly in consideration for his daughter. In his cross-examination by Mr. Robinson, the complainant admitted that though his wife had only been dead eight months he had been the ardent admirer of one of the sisters of Mr. Butler, and had written several letters to her, not one of which she ever answered. He could not say that Miss Butler had ever exchanged a word with him beyond bidding him good morning three years ago, and desiring him some time ago to go away and not annoy her. He would not swear that he had not suggested himself that he should make a written apology to Mr. Butler and the ladies if that would satisfy him. He had said to Mr. Butler that "if he had not been a religious man he should smash his head with a poker." Mr. Robinson would not deny that there had been an assault, but it had been committed under strong extenuating circumstances. The fact was that for three years Miss Butler and her sister had been subjected to the greatest possible annoyance by the complainant. They concealed the matter from their brother until he had commenced to write threatening letters and to menace the ladies coming out of church. Mr. Butler, disgusted that his sisters should have been so annoyed, took the law into his own hands, and he felt quite satisfied his worship would make allowances for the strong provocation. In answer to a question from Mr. Norton the complainant said he did not wish to carry the matter further, and the magistrate then said he considered the justice of the case would be met by Mr. Butler paying a penalty of 1s. and putting something into the poor-box. He then dismissed the summons.

**WANDSWORTH.**

**An Unruly Apprentice Imprisoned.**—John Lloyd, 18, was brought up on a warrant charged with unlawfully absenting himself from his apprenticeship at the Bridge-road, Battersea. Mr. A. Haynes, on behalf of the master, stated that the prisoner was before his worship on the 1st of March, for absenting himself for three weeks, but on that occasion the case was not pressed, as the father interceded for his son, and the boy promised to return to his work. He was a boy very quick at his trade—a bootmaker—and could, if he liked, be extremely useful to his master, but just now, having obtained the necessary information to obtain his own livelihood, as he thought, he left his work whenever he thought proper. He absconded again in August last, and had by some means obtained a situation at a draper's. On the former occasion his worship gave the boy a caution, but as that had not the desired effect, he (Mr. Haynes) asked that he should receive a sufficient punishment in order that he might be induced to continue his work until the end of his apprenticeship. Mr. Dayman remembered the prisoner having been brought before him on a former occasion when he told him that if he came again he would be sent to prison for three months. The prisoner had no right to cheat his master out of the labour he had a right to exact from him for teaching him a trade. Committed for three months.

**WESTMINSTER.**

**Attempting to Swindle a Duchess.**—Ann Froud, 17, servant out of place, was charged on remand with endeavouring to obtain a charitable contribution from the Dowager Duchess of Grafton by false and fraudulent pretences. On Friday week the prisoner went to the mansion of the duchess, No. 4, Grosvenor-crescent, Belgrave-square, and stated that her aunt, who lived at No. 5, Ebury-square, was very badly off, and she was getting up a subscription to buy her a mangle. She stated that she had been to several persons, and that Lady Lothian, Miss Coventry, the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Rev. Mr. Fuller, the London Hospital, and others had subscribed towards the mangle, and solicited the duchess's assistance. She was told to call on Monday, and did so; in the meantime inquiries had been made, and it was found she had told a parcel of falsehoods; she had no aunt, as described, and none of those she mentioned had subscribed. When she called a police-officer was in attendance, and hearing her repeat the same tale he took her into custody. From fugitives that have since been made the prisoner gave a false address, belongs to a beggar-family, and has been preying upon the benevolent in Belgravia for a length of time. Prisoner admitted the truth of the charge. Committed for three months, with hard labour.

## PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

**Literature.****TAKEN PRISONER.****A STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.**

CLARABELL HARDING, sat down and cried; I, who did not remember having shed a tear since I had screamed for the moon, and papa had refused it, for the simple and only reason that neither love nor money could buy it, now was crying, screaming, stamping, because of the result of my own waywardness of temper.

It was the old oft-repeated story: Charlie Kambell and I had quarrelled, and he, in common with all lovers of the present day, had enlisted out of pure revenge, and the news had just reached me an hour after the regiment had left the city. Of course, I was frantic. How could I help being, when every little brown curl on his handsome head was dearer than all the world to me.

And yet, what was to be done? I knew that he would not desert; and even supposing such a thing possible, if he should, he'd get shot for it. I couldn't prove him under age, for his tall, manly frame and dark moustache laughed at such an idea; nor could I hope, that he would be discharged for disability, for a stronger, healthier, handsomer specimen of manhood had never gone "off to the wars." What then? It was a plain case of the non-curable; and yet I was determined in some way or other to cure it.

All that long, weary night I sat alone, listening to the soft patter of the rain upon the window-panes, and thinking, planning, and rejecting plans, until just as the grey morning broke, a rift in the dark clouds, my heart grew lighter with the certainty that I had a plan at least worthy of the trial.

I knew that Charlie's regiment was ordered to Fort —, and near that place I had an aunt living—a plain, honest woman, loving me dearly "for my mother's sake"—and one whom I could trust in time of need. Accordingly, having procured all the "needfuls" for a visit, I closed up house, kissed papa an affectionate good-bye, and started for a visit to Aunt Jane, papa declaring "that the child was getting rather pale, and change of air would do her good."

In due time I found myself comfortably domiciled in Aunt Jane's pleasant old homestead, and in a fair way to be spoiled by the immense amount of petting which I received from auntie and her two sons, Sam and George.

Uncle Reuben I have not mentioned, because no one else ever did. He was of so little consequence in the family, that I was barely conscious of his existence. Aunt Jane was the head of the family, and Uncle Reuben had been the nurse of the small children; but since they had grown to years of maturity, he was very useful in feeding auntie's poultry.

"Good at that," she asserted; "at least, better than at anything else." As regarded politics, the whole family were, to use an expression more forcible than elegant, "on the fence;" though I really think that Aunt Jane was at heart a "secesh."

The boys had just returned from a Northern college, and very wisely kept a respectful distance from Jeff's auxiliaries. Upon these boys depended all my hope of success, and, being a great favourite, I did not doubt their willingness to aid me. One day, a few weeks after I arrived at Aunt Jane's, I astonished that good lady by appearing before her shorn of my curls.

"My goodness, Clarabel! what's up now?" she exclaimed. "Where's your hair, child?"

"I cut it off, auntie."

"All those beautiful curls that your papa was so proud of! I declare it's shameful!"

"No, it isn't, auntie. Let me part them to one side—there! Isn't that pretty?"

Aunt Jane's face softened a little. "Pretty, yes, you are pretty! You make me think of your dear mother when she was your age, with those little rings clustering over your head."

I sat down at Aunt Jane's feet, and putting my head in her lap, then said, as I felt her hand caressing my forehead, "You loved my mother, auntie. Don't you love me?"

"Love you, yes; as though you were my own daughter. Why, Bell, I love you every bit as much as I do Sam and George."

"Then, auntie, you don't want me to be miserable, do you?"

"Who's going to make you miserable? Has Sam, or George, or Reub dared—"

"No, nothing of them, auntie," I said, gently pushing her back to her seat, from which she had started in her vehemence; "sit still, and I'll tell you. I am engaged."

"Humph!" ejaculated Aunt Jane, in a dubious tone.

I went on, however, "Engaged to Charlie Kambell, or was, but we had a quarrel the other night, and he had to go and enlist out of sheer ugliness, and leave the city without seeing me. Now, auntie, Charlie has an old mother who needs him at home. If it hadn't been for her, he would have gone long ago; besides, it is just killing me to have him in danger every minute, and I must get him home again."

"But, my dear, foolish child, there's no way of doing it, that I can see; and I can't see what all this had to do with your cutting off all them curls I like so much."

"Then I'll tell you, auntie; there's one way of getting him home, but it's dangerous, and I shall need you, Sam, and George to help me."

"What's your plan, Bell?"

"Auntie, we must take him prisoner, parole him, and send him home; and I have cut off my curls because I intend to be a Confederate officer, at your service."

Auntie began to look mournful. "Poor child," she said, "has trouble turned your brain?"

How I laughed! Then I stopped and said, "Not a bit of it, auntie. Just listen to my plan, and you will see. I know Charlie well enough to know that he'll strangle. He and a comrade or two will go into the neighbourhood in search of luxuries which Uncle Sam don't provide. Now, auntie, we are about to put on Confederate uniforms (I've a beautiful officer's suit in my trunk), and during one of these excursions we can easily capture them."

Auntie actually whistled; then she called the boys in, and they declared that it was "nonsense," "foolhardiness," &c., &c.; but, finally, both Aunt Jane and the boys were won over to be willing coadjutors in my plot, "solely," they said, "because if I was determined to get killed, they wished to see it." George was sent out as a spy, and Sam was directed to procure suitable uniforms for himself, Aunt Jane, and George.

The uniforms were got, and week after week slipped by before George could learn anything of Charlie. Finally, however, he brought in the cheering intelligence that he had heard one soldier tell another "that he and Kambell were going to have a roast goose or two for dinner the next day from Granny Kentwin's place, unless they were all 'gobbled up by that time.'" "So," concluded George, "Miss Harebrain, we'll dou our 'secesh' clothes, and see if we can't 'gobble up' a goose or two, and send one man out of this inhuman slaughter—if we do no more good."

Of course, I had too much tact to quarrel with George about his sentiments in regard to the war question at that time. On the contrary, I kissed him, called him a dear, good cousin, and flew off to see if my uniform were complete.

The next day—it was Sunday—rose clear and bright. The birds were all a-twitter on every branch; the bees kept up their continued hum of contentment among the flowers; and the pine-crowned mountains bathed their brows in all the glory of the spring sunshine. It was a Sabbath kept by Nature. The very air seemed redolent of incense offered at the shrine of the Creator.

It was with a light heart that I donned my uniform, parted my hair à la officer, stained my face to a healthy brown, darkened my brows by aid of burnt cork, and finally adjusted a dark moustache over my lips.

"I'm afraid those girlish feet will betray you, General," laughed Sam; but when I had dressed them in boots I had no fear of betrayal, so completely was I metamorphosed. Aunt Jane, with her grizzled grey hair, made the roughest old rebel that I ever saw. She was tall and sinewy, and just suited for the character she assumed.

Our arms were attended to carefully, lest there should be need of them.

It was our intention to surprise and capture, if possible, before our prisoners-expectant could have time to use their arms, for there was no probability of their venturing out unarmed in a country overrun by rebels; but if that failed, then we were to have recourse to arms, being careful to insure flesh-wounds only.

Our horses were mounted, and we started in great glee; followed an unfigured road for a mile or so, and then George led us off into a gorge completely filled by a growth of shrubs.

Here we dismounted, hid our horses in the thicket, and proceeded to Mrs. Kentwin's house.

The old lady was alone, and being a staunch rebel, joyfully admitted us, at the same time commiserating us upon our miserable garments (Sam had been compelled to get old suits), and offering us her choicest provisions.

We did not refuse, lest it should awaken suspicions, and she began preparing dinner for us.

Suddenly we heard steps distinctly upon the gravel walk.

"It's the soldiers," she whispered, pushing me quickly and quietly into the other room; "go in there, all of you; quiet now and you can nab a couple of the rogues."

She left the door a little ajar, and returned to her work just as a tattoo of thundering raps was beaten upon the door.

"Who is it?" questioned the old lady.

"Friends!" was the answer; "and some confounded hungry ones, too. Come, mother, we won't hurt you if you let us in and give us some dinner."

Every word was accompanied by a fierce shake of the door which bade fair to break it from its hinges. To prevent this mother Kentwin opened it, and we heard two pairs of feet stamping upon the floor.

"That's right, mother," said the same voice. "Getting dinner, eh? Glad to see it. Ain't you hungry, Kambell?"

"Yes," was the answer, in the well-remembered voice which had often made my heart leap; "I can do full justice to mother's goose, I can assure you."

"Come, then; hurry up, old woman," said the first voice; and, applying my eye to the crevice of the door, I saw that Charlie and his comrade had seated themselves upon a bench directly opposite the door at which I stood, and had placed their guns in a corner.

No chance there for a surprise but by a sudden rush, and that might endanger one or more lives.

Granny Kentwin seemed to comprehend the dilemma in which we were placed, for she put the table in the centre of the floor, spread it, and placed chairs for them with their backs to the door at which we stood.

The soldiers seated themselves, and I could have touched Charlie's brown curls by reaching out my hands, so near were we to them. Poor fellows! They were evidently hungry. How they did enjoy that meal; how they laughed and sang, and joked, and told rich stories, until, in the midst of their hilarity, Sam drew me gently back. He and George took the lead, and Aunty and I brought up the rear.

George sprang behind Charlie's comrade, and had no difficulty in pinioning and securing his man; but Charlie heard the step, sprang to his feet—upsetting the table—and fought so desperately, that had it not been for Auntie's strong sinewy arms assisting him, Sam must have been vanquished and my scheme a failure. As it was, however, Charlie was secured, deprived of his weapons, and placed on the bench beside his comrade.

"Do you surrender?" I inquired, bending my eyes sternly upon them.

"You'd better have asked that before, you thief in the night!" roared Charlie's choleric friend. "Ask pair of bound men if they surrender, you murderous old owl, you!"

"Silence, there!" I commanded, sternly. "You know what we do with Old Abe's minions when we want to put them out of the way," and I glanced menacingly at the branches of a tree near by; "but you seem like good, well-meaning fellows, and I'll give you one chance for your lives. I can only hope that you will be wise enough to accept it."

"Name it," said Charlie—who had not spoken since his capture—in a low, earnest tone.

"You are both Union soldiers?"

"Yes," said Charlie.

"From what State?"

"—Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers."

"Who are you?" shouted out Charlie's comrade to me.

"An officer in the Confederate service, as you see," I returned loftily, "and willing to do you a good turn, if you will only do me one."

"What is our chance for life?" asked Charlie, readily, glancing at his comrade.

"This. We are sadly in want of information; if you will impart all that you can, we will give you freedom; if you refuse, death."

There was a moment of silence. Charlie started, and paled slightly. His companion did not show the least evidence of having heard.

"Do you hear and accept?"

Then his comrade burst out like steam from an over-charged boiler, interspersing oaths very generously.

"Looky here, you becuried, be-perfumed puppy of a chivalry—"

Here George made a step forward to restrain him, but I commanded him back, and he went on: "I'm a rough Yankee, never owned a darned nigger in my life, and I reckon, savin' that fact, that I've been as bad as most men; but I never was so confounded sneakin' as to lie to my mother, or peach on the old flag. If you want this here old carcass you can jest take it, for I'll never save it on them terms."

## Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—The brief series of representations of Italian opera was brought to a termination on Saturday evening with a second performance of "Don Giovanni." The cast differed in two important points from that of the regular season—Mr. Santley being the Leporello in place of Signor Scalié, and Mr. Tom Hohler filling the part of Don Ottavio in the room of Signor Gardoni. The two English singers undertook their respective characters for the first time on the Wednesday previous. Mr. Santley sang the music of Leporello magnificently, though he has not quite sufficient humour for so avowedly a comic part as Leporello. His singing, nevertheless, would more than make amends for any shortcomings in this respect, on which account we prefer his Leporello to any we have seen or rather heard of late years. Mr. Tom Hohler had every encouragement given to him in his new part of Don Ottavio; and, if he fell short in some instances of realizing all the requirements of the music, it must be borne in mind that none but the best artists can accomplish it. He was, however, thoroughly satisfactory in the trio of masks with Mdlle. Titien and Mdlle. Sinico, and his singing had no small effect in exciting the encores awarded to that piece both on Wednesday morning and Saturday evening. In the duet, too, with Donna Anna, in the first scene, "Fuggi, ah fuggi," Mr. Hohler sang carefully and forcibly, and was most liberally applauded. His best effort was in the air, "Della sua pace," which was given with much sweetness and expression, and which made the audience quite enthusiastic, Mr. Hohler being recalled with vociferous applause. The performances of the other artists call for no particular remarks. The immense crowd which filled Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening proved that the brief series of operatic performances might have been carried on a week or two longer with advantage to the treasury. This, however, was rendered impracticable by the letting of the theatre to Mr. Edmund Falconer, and its opening on Monday night, with the new drama of "Oonagh; or, the Lovers of Lisnamona," the plot of which we reserve until our next.

DRURY LANE.—Miss Helen Faust commenced her engagement of twelve special performances on Monday evening, appearing as Rosalind in "As You Like It." Her reception was cordial in the extreme, and she was repeatedly complimented with special recalls. Mr. Walter Montgomery was the Orlando, and Mr. Swinbourne the Jaques. Mr. W. Harrison appeared as Amiens, and sang with his accustomed taste, while Mr. H. Webb was a most effective Touchstone. On Wednesday morning there was a special performance on behalf of the sufferers from the late fire at the Standard Theatre, when "The School for Scandal" was presented.

AMONG the unfortunate passengers who were lost in the ill-fated Evening Star, American steamer, from New York to New Orleans, were the three Misses Fowler—two of them *dansées*, and formerly pupils of Mrs. Conquest, of the Grecian, and the third a balladist, well known at Deacon's and other music halls. The eldest Miss Fowler, serio-comic singer, although in America, was not with her sisters when they left New York. Another well-known serio-comic songstress, Mrs. Annie Lawrence, recently singing at the Strand and the London Pavilion, was, we are informed by a private letter, also among those who perished. A few months ago Mrs. Lawrence delivered the address in aid of the Middleton Lifeboat at Deacon's Music Hall. Alas! there was no lifeboat to save her and her sister professionals, one of whom, the youngest Miss Fowler, also sang for the same lifeboat fund.

## General News.

A YOUNG man, who has passed under the name of George Olsen, and who has been engaged as a lamp trimmer on board the United States steamer Madawaska, has just discovered that he is an Hungarian nobleman, that his true title is Edward Louis, Count Baththyani, and that he is the owner of an immense estate. He has already received £80,000 as a portion of the money due to him, and is now in Washington, under the protection of the Austrian ambassador, trying to get his discharge from the United States naval service.

*Galigiani* informs its readers that "the eldest son of Prince Napoleon took his first lesson in riding the day before yesterday in the Imperial Riding School at the Louvre. This prince is not yet four and a-half years of age, having been born on the 18th of July, 1862. The Princess Clotilde was present at the lesson."

We understand that her Majesty's Government have decided on withdrawing the representative of this country from the Court of Saxony at once. The treaty of peace between Prussia and Saxony, by which the ruler of the latter State bound himself to accept the foreign policy and diplomatic action of the Court of Berlin as his own, rendering the future maintenance of diplomatic relations with the Court of Dresden unnecessary. Practically these had already ceased, as the Saxon minister accredited to the Government of this country, on quitting England on leave some time ago, placed the management of affairs in the hands of Count Bernstorff, the Prussian ambassador.

CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE will sit for the last time in the Court of Common Pleas on the last day of term, when it is understood that the Attorney-General, on behalf of the bar, will give expression to the sense entertained of the ability and popularity of the retiring judge. Mr. Karslake, Q.C., will be the new Solicitor-General, in succession to Sir W. Bovill. A seat in parliament will, no doubt, be secured for Mr. Karslake by the commencement of the session.

*The Newburyport Herald* tells a story of a newly-married couple who attended a launch in that city. A staging gave way and let the gentleman into the water. Before he was rescued his wig came off and floated away. When he was pulled out, bald and drenched, his wife refused him, and besought the crowd that they would save her husband, pointing frantically to a bunch of hair drifting down the tide.

A YOUNG lady, named Miss Underwood, while passing along a street in Birmingham, on the 5th inst., was wounded in the side by the wadding from some description of fire-arm, and as a result of the injury sustained she expired on Sunday. The person who fired the fatal shot is unknown.

The following noblemen and gentlemen are now in residence at Oxford University, viz.:—The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Jersey, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Emlyn, Lord Donoughmore, the Earl of Ilchester, Lord Warkworth, Lord Dalmeny, Lord Petersham, Lord Francis Hervey, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. A. F. Bettie, the Hon. A. F. A. Hanbury Tracy, the Hon. M. Ponsonby, and Sir C. T. Ponham, Bart.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES AND HIS CONSTITUENTS. On Monday evening Mr. T. Hughes, the member for Lambeth, met his constituents at the Lecture-hall, Carter-street, Wandsworth, for the purpose of giving an account of his stewardship during the past session. Mr. Selway, the chairman of Mr. Hughes's committee at the election, having been voted into the chair,

Mr. Higgins, who was received with loud cheers, said he had met them on this occasion because he thought it right that a member should keep himself in sympathy with his constituents. He had laid down the rule that he would confine his speaking in the House of Commons to the cases in which he found he had something to say which nobody else would say. The first subject on which he addressed the house was that of the eviction by railway companies of the poor from their dwelling-houses. (Hear, hear.) He opposed the first Bill that proposed to do this, and being joined by others, they threw out the Bill triumphantly. Two or three nights afterwards another Bill turned up, and he set to work and opposed it, and then the chairman of committees got up and said if that course were taken it would be detrimental to large interests, and he suggested that, as everybody agreed with the object he had in view, the best way to do would be to draw up a standing order. He agreed to that, and drew up an order, to the effect that a company seeking powers to take down dwelling-houses should be compelled to build an equal number of other houses of a similar description within a certain radius. But when he proposed the adoption of this great standing order the chairman of committees said this was a great alteration which he did not think they could agree to, and he suggested that it should not be passed as a standing order, but that it should be introduced into Mr. Milner Gibson's Bill on the subject. Not knowing so much of the House of Commons at that time as he did now, he acceded to that suggestion, and drew up the clauses, but week after week passed on without the Bill being proceeded with, and at the end of the session Mr. Gibson withdrew it, leaving him (Mr. Hughes) out in the cold, and the poor people who were turned out of their houses out in the cold too, for between the time that he proposed that standing order and the end of the session not less than 20,000 persons were turned out of their dwellings. It was found impossible to do anything in that matter during the whole of the session. Mr. Torreus had a Bill to provide for the erection of improved dwellings for the poor, but at the end of the session he was obliged to withdraw it. Take a contrast. The very first night of the session a measure was brought in by the country party for dealing with the cattle plague. It contained provisions of a very strong character, such as no one would have thought would have ever passed the House of Commons, but that measure was forced and carried through the house within three weeks. That showed what a class having a direct representation in the house could do. The next time he addressed the house was on the subject of the neutrality laws, in reference to the Alabama. He and Mr. Mill advocated the reference of that matter to arbitration. It seemed there was to be a commission appointed on the subject. He was glad to find that Earl Derby said some civil things of America at the Mansion House. His lordship said that the laying of the Atlantic telegraph by an English company had vindicated England's old claim to the dominion of the seas. Now, he thought that was an unfortunate expression, because there were two sides to that question. He would read some lines in reference to it in a letter, published in America from Jonathan to John:—

We own the ocean, too, John,  
You must not think it hard,  
If we cannot think with you, John,  
It's just your own back yard.  
Ole Uncle S.,  
Says he, I guess,  
If that's his game, says he,  
The fencing stuff  
Will cost enough  
To bust up ole J. B.

(Laughter.) The next time he had the honour of addressing the house was on the subject of reform, and the object of his speech was to show that in all cases in which their interests came in collision with the represented classes the unrepresented went to the wall. As instances of this hon. member referred to the law relating to masters and servants, the state of education (which he said ought to be compulsory), the question of houses, and the inefficiency of the laws for the prevention of adulteration of food and drink. These questions, he maintained, would soon be settled if the people were directly represented. He believed that the Reform Bill of last session would have passed the Commons but for so much talk concerning it. Whether Lord Derby's Government would bring in a Reform Bill he did not know, but if they did, and it gave household suffrage, he would support it. For himself, he was in favour of Mr. Hare's plan of giving representation to minorities ("No"), and he should like an education test; not such an one as that provided in Mr. Clay's Bill, but he thought that if a man could write his name freely he might be allowed to vote. The hon. member then referred at some length to the letter which he wrote in reference to the Hyde-park disturbances, and which appeared to be a sore subject with the meeting. He justified himself on the plea that the Government had offered facilities for referring the matter to a legal tribunal, and that he thought that offer ought to have been accepted. He gave the Reform League credit for every desire to prevent disturbance, and admitted that within their organization there was no disturbance, but beyond it there was an uncontrollable mob. On this subject he would again quote from the letter "from Jonathan to John":—

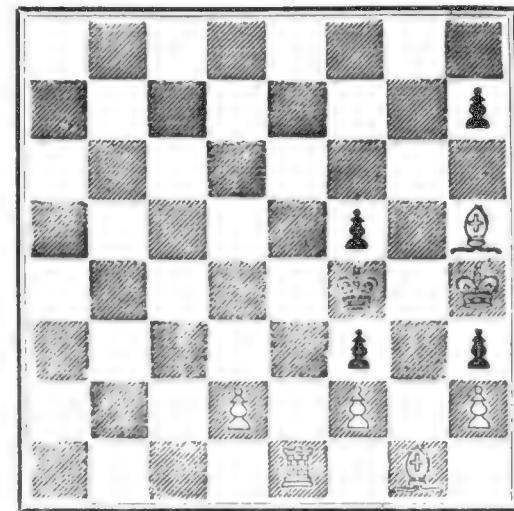
Our folk believe in law, John,  
And it's for her sake now  
They've left the axe and saw, John,  
The anvil and the plough.  
Ole Uncle S.,  
Says he, I guess,  
If tweren't for law, says he,  
There'd be one shindy  
From here to Indy,  
Which would not suit J. B.

(Cheers and laughter.) He only made one other speech in the House of Commons, and that was on the subject of Jamaica. He and Mr. Mill, the member for Westminster, urged on the Government that it was their duty to put Mr. Eyre, the late governor of Jamaica, on his trial. (Loud cheers and some slight hissing.) There were grave constitutional questions involved in this matter which could be settled in no other manner. In conclusion, Mr. Hughes thanked the meeting for the patience with which they had heard him, and said he highly appreciated the honour of being the member for Lambeth.

On the motion of Mr. GRINNELL, seconded by Mr. LAING, a vote of confidence in Mr. Hughes was then passed, and the meeting separated.

## Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 395.—By W. G.  
Black.



White to move, and mate in five moves.

Game between Messrs. K. and P.

White.	Black.
Mr. K.	Mr. P.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. K Kt to B 3	3. P to K Kt 4
4. P to K R 4	4. P to K Kt 5
5. Kt to K 5	5. P to K R 4
6. B to Q B 4	6. R to R 2
7. P to Q 4	7. P to Q 3
8. Kt to Q 3 (a)	8. P to B 6
9. P takes P	9. B to K 2
10. B to K 3	10. B takes R P (ch)
11. K to Q 2	11. P to Q B 3 (b)
12. Q Kt to B 3	12. B to Kt 4
13. P to B 4	13. B to K 2
14. P to B 5	14. Kt to Q 2
15. Q to K Kt square	15. B to Kt 4
16. Kt to B 4	16. Q Kt to K B 3
17. Q R to K square	17. B takes Kt
18. B takes B	18. K Kt to K 2
19. K to Q B square	19. P to Q 4
20. P takes P	20. P takes P
21. Q B to K Kt 5 (c)	21. Kt to K 5
22. B takes Kt	22. Q takes B
23. Kt takes P	23. Q to K Kt 4 (ch)
24. Q to K 3	24. K to B square
25. Q takes Q	25. Kt takes Q
26. Kt to B 6	26. B takes P
27. Kt takes R	27. Kt takes Kt
28. R takes P	28. B to K 3
29. R at R 5 to K 5	29. Kt to B 3
30. R to K B square	30. K to Kt 2
31. K to K 7	31. R to Q square
32. P to Q 5	32. Kt takes P
33. R takes Q Kt P	33. P to Kt 6
34. B takes Kt	34. R takes B

### BLACK RESIGNS.

(a) He might also have taken K B P with Kt.

(b) It is more usual to play P takes P; and on the Q retaking,

12. B to Kt 5.

(c) Well played. From this point the game of White is easy enough.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 387.

White. Black.

1. K to Kt 2	1. R takes R (a)
2. R to K 4	2. Any move
3. R mates	

(a)

1. . . . .	1. P takes R
2. R takes R	2. Any move
3. Kt mates	

Black has other defences, but none to delay the mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 388.

White. Black.

1. B to K 8	1. K to K Kt square (a)
2. B to K 7	2. K to K B 2
3. B to K 5 (ch)	3. K to Kt square
4. R mates	

(a)

1. . . . .	1. P to Q 3, or 4
2. B to K R 5 (ch)	2. K to K Kt square
3. B to K 7	3. Any move
4. R takes B, mate	

G. W. B.—1. We have examined your problems, but find each of them faulty. We have returned the positions as requested. 2. We think Jaques, of Hatton Garden.

M. A. R.—You cannot do better than subscribe to the "Chess Players' Magazine." The problems and games which appear therein are of the highest order; and the annotations to the games are copious and valuable.

M. FREYDORFF, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Baden, has just married to Mdlle. Cornberg, an actress, known in the theatrical world under the name of Mdlle. Thone.

ENVIABLE PRIVILEGE.—"On the death of the Taikoo of Japan," says a letter from that country in the *Independence*, "ten high dignitaries demanded the unspeakable favour of being allowed to rip themselves up in honour of the deceased ruler. Five only were deemed worthy, the others not being sufficiently noble to receive it."

**Law and Police.****POLICE COURTS**

THAMES.

**CAROTTE KENNEDY.**—Johanna Macarthy, a well-known thief, aged 23, was charged with receiving, well knowing it to be stolen, a silver watch, the property of Charles Peterson, a seaman. On the night of the 31st of October Peterson was garrotted, and after considerable ill-usage robbed of his watch in Hatcliff-highway by two men. One of his assailants, whose name is Charles White, a ticket-of-leave convict who had undergone three years, was afterwards arrested by Police-constable Childs, No. 199 H. A clear *prima facie* case was made out that he had seized and compressed the prosecutor's neck, used him with great brutality, and assisted in stealing his watch. On the morning of White's examination at this court, and after he had been committed for trial, Childs saw Macarthy and three other women outside the court. They all got about the prosecutor, and Childs heard the prisoner say, "Come with us and we will give you your watch, and you need not appear." Childs followed the women and the prosecutor, and said heartily, "You have got the watch; give it to me, or I will see you all to the station-house." Macarthy then handed a silver watch to Childs and said, "A man gave it to me, and told me to give it to the sailor." Childs asked her who was the man that gave her the watch and she made no answer. The watch was freed and identified, and the prisoner, who made no defence, was committed for trial.

**LAMBETH.**

**CURIOUS CHARGE OF ASSAULT.**—Mr. Alfred Butler, solicitor, appeared to answer to a summons charging him with assaulting Mr. David Hall, a professor of music and singing, residing at No. 6, Mary's-place, Park-road, New Peckham. Mr. Robinson, the barrister, attended for the defence. The complainant, a little man, sixty-three years of age, said that on Friday, the 2nd inst., while sitting in his study, he heard a loud knocking at his front-door, and in a few minutes Mr. Butler, the defendant, made his appearance, and, addressing him, asked if his name was Hall? He replied in the affirmative, and he then called him an old fool and scoundrel, and asked what he meant by insulting and annoying his sisters. He then laid hold of him, forced him into his parlour, shook him about for several minutes, tore his coat, and told him that if he did not sign a paper which he should dictate he should lock him up in a lunatic asylum. He called to his son and daughter, and the latter having made her appearance, the defendant asked her if her father was not insane or mad. His daughter was so terrified that, fearing she might suffer serious consequences, he signed the paper dictated, but he did so wholly in consideration for his daughter. In his cross-examination by Mr. Robinson, the complainant admitted that though his wife had only been dead eight months he had been the ardent admirer of one of the sisters of Mr. Butler, and had written several letters to her, not one of which she ever answered. He could not say that Miss Butler had ever exchanged a word with him beyond bidding him good morning three years ago, and desiring him some time ago to go away and not annoy her. He would not swear that he had not suggested himself that he should make a written apology to Mr. Butler and the ladies if that would satisfy him. He had said to Mr. Butler that "if he had not been a religious man he should smash his head with a poker." Mr. Robinson would not deny that there had been an assault, but it had been committed under strong extenuating circumstances. The fact was that for three years Miss Butler and her sister had been subjected to the greatest possible annoyance by the complainant. They concealed the matter from their brother until he had commenced to write threatening letters and to menace the ladies coming out of church. Mr. Butler, disgusted that his sisters should have been so annoyed, took the law into his own hands, and he felt quite satisfied his worship would make allowances for the strong provocation. In answer to a question from Mr. Norton the complainant said he did not wish to carry the matter further, and the magistrate then said he considered the justice of the case would be met by Mr. Butler paying a penalty of £1. and putting something into the poor-box. He then dismissed the summons.

**WANDSWORTH.**

**AN UNRULY APPRENTICE IMPRISONED.**—John Lloyd, 18, was brought up on a warrant charged with unlawfully absenting himself from his apprenticeship at the Bridge-road, Battersea. Mr. A. Haynes, on behalf of the master, stated that the prisoner was before his worship on the 1st of March, for absenting himself for three weeks, but on that occasion the case was not pressed, as the father interceded for his son, and the boy promised to return to his work. He was a boy very quick at his trade—a bootmaker—and could, if he liked, be extremely useful to his master, but just now, having obtained the necessary information to obtain his own livelihood, as he thought, he left his work whenever he thought proper. He absconded again in August last, and had by some means obtained a situation at a draper's. On the former occasion his worship gave the boy a caution, but as that had not the desired effect, he (Mr. Haynes) asked that he should receive a sufficient punishment, in order that he might be induced to continue his work until the end of his apprenticeship. Mr. Dayman remembered the prisoner having been brought before him on a former occasion when he told him that if he came again he would be sent to prison for three months. The prisoner had no right to cheat his master out of the labour he had a right to exact from him for teaching him a trade. Committed for three months.

**WESTMINSTER.**

**ATTEMPTING TO SWINDLE A DUCHESS.**—Ann Froud, 17, servant out of place, was charged on remand with endeavouring to obtain a charitable contribution from the Dowager Duchess of Grafton by false and fraudulent pretences. On Friday week the prisoner went to the mansion of the duchess, No. 4, Grosvenor-crescent, Belgrave-square, and stated that her aunt, who lived at No. 5, Ebury-square, was very badly off, and she was getting up a subscription to buy her a mangle. She stated that she had been to several persons, and that Lady Lothian, Miss Coventry, the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Rev. Mr. Fuller, the London Hospital, and others had subscribed towards the mangle, and solicited the duchess's assistance. She was told to call on Monday, and did so; in the meantime inquiries had been made, and it was found she had told a parcel of falsehoods; she had no aunt, as described, and none of those she mentioned had subscribed. When she called a police-officer was in attendance, and hearing her repeat the same tale he took her into custody. From inquiries that have since been made the prisoner gave a false address, belongs to a begging-letter family, and has been praying upon the benevolent in Belgravia for a length of time. Prisoner admitted the truth of the charge. Committed for three months, with hard labour.

**Literature.****TAKEN PRISONER.****A STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.**

I, CLARELL HARDING, sat down and cried; I, who did not remember having shed a tear since I had screamed for the moon, and papa had refused it, for the simple and only reason that neither love nor money could buy it, now was crying, screaming, stamping, because of the result of my own waywardness of temper.

It was the old oft-repeated story: Charlie Kambell and I had quarrelled, and he, in common with all lovers of the present day, had enlisted out of pure revenge, and the news had just reached me an hour after the regiment had left the city. Of course, I was frantic. How could I help being, when every little brown curl on his handsome head was dearer than all the world to me.

And yet, what was to be done? I knew that he would not desert; and even supposing such a thing possible, if he should, he'd get shot for it. I couldn't prove him underage, for his tall, manly frame and dark moustache laughed at such an idea; nor could I hope that he would be discharged for disability, for a stronger, healthier, handsomer specimen of manhood had never gone "off to the wars." What then? It was a plain case of the non-curable; and yet I was determined in some way or other to cure it.

All that long, weary night I sat alone, listening to the soft patter of the rain upon the window-panes, and thinking, planning, and re-jetting plans, until just as the grey morning broke, a rift in the dark clouds, my heart grew lighter with the certainty that I had a plan at least worthy of the trial.

I knew that Charlie's regiment was ordered to Fort —, and near that place I had an aunt living—a plain, honest woman, loving me dearly "for my mother's sake"—and one whom I could trust in time of need. Accordingly, having procured all the "needfuls" for a visit, I closed up house, kissed papa an affectionate good-bye, and started for a visit to Aunt Jane, papa declaring "that the child was getting rather pale, and change of air would do her good."

In due time I found myself comfortably domiciled in Aunt Jane's pleasant old homestead, and in a fair way to be spoiled by the immense amount of petting which I received from auntie and her two sons, Sam and George.

Uncle Reuben I have not mentioned, because no one else ever did. He was of so little consequence in the family, that I was barely conscious of his existence. Aunt Jane was the head of the family, and Uncle Reuben had been the nurse of the small children; but since they had grown to years of maturity, he was very useful in feeding auntie's poultry.

"Good at that," she asserted; "at least, better than at anything else." As regards politics, the whole family were, to use an expression more forcible than elegant, "on the fence;" though I really think that Aunt Jane was at heart a "secesh."

The boys had just returned from a Northern college, and very wisely kept a respectful distance from Jeff's auxiliaries. Upon these boys depended all my hope of success, and, being a great favourite, I did not doubt their willingness to aid me. One day, a few weeks after I arrived at Aunt Jane's, I astonished that good lady by appearing before her shorn of my curls.

"My goodness, Clarabell! what's up now?" she exclaimed. "Where's your hair, child?"

"I cut it off, auntie."

"All those beautiful curls that your papa was so proud of! I declare it's shameful!"

"No, it isn't, auntie. Let me part them to one side—there! Isn't that pretty?"

Aunt Jane's face softened a little. "Pretty, yes, you are pretty! You make me think of your dear mother when she was your age, with those little rings clustering over your head."

I sat down at Aunt Jane's feet, and putting my head in her lap, then said, as I felt her hand caressing my forehead, "You loved my mother, auntie. Don't you love me?"

"Love you, yes; as though you were my own daughter. Why, Bell, I love you every bit as much as I do Sam and George."

"Then, auntie, you don't want me to be miserable, do you?"

"Who's going to make you miserable? Has Sam, or George, or Reub dared—"

"No, nothing of them, auntie," I said, gently pushing her back to her seat, from which she had started in her vehemence; "sit still, and I'll tell you. I am engaged."

"Humph!" ejaculated Aunt Jane, in a dubious tone.

I went on, however, "Engaged to Charlie Kambell, or was, but we had a quarrel the other night, and he had to go and enlist out of sheer ugliness, and leave the city without seeing me. Now, auntie, Charlie has an old mother who needs him at home. If it hadn't been for her, he would have gone long ago; besides, it is just killing me to have him in danger every minute, and I must get him home again."

"But, my dear, foolish child, there's no way of doing it, that I can see; and I can't see what all this had to do with your cutting off all them curls I like so much."

"Then I'll tell you, auntie; there's one way of getting him home, but it's dangerous, and I shall need you, Sam, and George to help me."

"What's your plan, Bell?"

"Auntie, we must take him prisoner, parole him, and send him home; and I have cut off my curls because I intend to be a Confederate officer, at your service."

Auntie began to look mournful. "Poor child," she said, "has trouble turned your brain?"

How I laughed! Then I stopped and said, "Not a bit of it, auntie. Just listen to my plan, and you will see. I know Charlie well enough to know that he'll strangle. He and a comrade or two will go into the neighbourhood in search of luxuries which Uncle Sam don't provide. Now, auntie, we are about to put on Confederate uniforms (I've a beautiful officer's suit in my trunk), and during one of these excursions we can easily capture them."

Auntie actually whistled; then she called the boys in, and they declared that it was "nonsense," "foolhardiness," &c., &c.; but, finally, both Aunt Jane and the boys were won over to be willing coadjutors in my plot, "solely," they said, "because if I was determined to get killed, they wished to see it." George was sent out as a spy, and Sam was directed to procure suitable uniforms for himself, Aunt Jane, and George.

The uniforms were got, and week after week slipped by before George could learn anything of Charlie. Finally, however, he brought in the cheering intelligence that he had heard one soldier tell another "that he and Kambell were going to have a roast goose or two for dinner the next day from Granny Kentwin's place, unless they were all 'gobbled up by that time!'" "So," concluded George, "Miss Harebrain, we'll don our 'secesh' clothes, and see if we can't 'gobble up' a goose or two, and send one man out of his inhuman slaughter—if we do no more good."

Of course, I had too much tact to quarrel with George about his sentiments in regard to the war question at that time. On the contrary, I kissed him, called him a dear, good cousin, and flew off to see if my uniform were complete.

The next day—it was Sunday—rose clear and bright. The birds were all a-twitter on every branch; the bees kept up their continued hum of contentment among the flowers; and the pine-crowned mountains bathed their brows in all the glory of the spring sunshine. It was a Sabbath kept by Nature. The very air seemed redolent of incense offered at the shrine of the Creator.

It was with a light heart that I donned my uniform, parted my hair as a officer, stained my face to a healthy brown, darkened my brows by aid of burnt cork, and finally adjusted a dark moustache over my lips.

"I'm afraid those girlish feet will betray you, General," laughed Sam; but when I had eased them in boots I had no fear of betrayal, so completely was I metamorphosed. Aunt Jane, with her grizzled grey hair, made the roughest old rebel that I ever saw. She was tall and sinewy, and just suited for the character she assumed.

Our arms were attended to carefully, lest there should be need of them.

It was our intention to surprise and capture, if possible, before our prisoners-expectant could have time to use their arms, for there was no probability of their venturing out unarmed in a country overrun by rebels; but if that failed, then we were to have recourse to arms, being careful to insure flesh-wounds only.

Our horses were mounted, and we started in great glee; followed an un frequented road for a mile or so, and then George led us off into a gorge completely filled by a growth of shrubs.

Here we dismounted, hid our horses in the thicket, and proceeded to Mrs. Kentwin's house.

The old lady was alone, and being a staunch rebel, joyfully admitted us, at the same time commiserating us upon our miserable garments (Sam had been compelled to get old suits), and offering us her choicest provisions.

We did not refuse, lest it should awaken suspicions, and she began preparing dinner for us.

Suddenly we heard steps distinctly upon the gravel walk.

"It's the soldiers," she whispered, pushing me quickly and quietly into the other room; "go in there, all of you; quiet now and you can nab a couple of the rogues."

She left the door a little ajar, and returned to her work just as a tattoo of thundering raps was beaten upon the door.

"Who is it?" questioned the old lady.

"Friends!" was the answer; "and some confounded hungry ones, too. Come, mother, we won't hurt you if you let us in and give us some dinner."

Every word was accompanied by a fierce shake of the door which bade fair to break it from its hinges. To prevent this mother Kentwin opened it, and we heard two pairs of feet stamping upon the floor.

"That's right, mother," said the same voice. "Getting dinner, eh? Glad to see it. Aint you hungry, Kambell?"

"Yes," was the answer, in the well-remembered voice which had often made my heart leap; "I can do full justice to mother's goose, I can assure you."

"Come, then; hurry up, old woman," said the first voice; and, applying my eye to the crevice of the door, I saw that Charlie and his comrade had seated themselves upon a bench directly opposite the door at which I stood, and had placed their guns in a corner.

No chance there for a surprise but by a sudden rush, and that might endanger one or more lives.

Granny Kentwin seemed to comprehend the dilemma in which we were placed, for she put the table in the centre of the floor, spread it, and placed chairs for them with their backs to the door at which we stood.

The soldiers seated themselves, and I could have touched Charlie's brown curls by reaching out my hands, so near were we to them. Poor fellows! They were evidently hungry. How they did enjoy that meal; how they laughed and sang, and joked, and told rich stories, until, in the midst of their hilarity, Sam drew me gently back. He and George took the lead, and Auntie and I brought up the rear.

George sprang behind Charlie's comrade, and had no difficulty in pinioning and securing his man; but Charlie heard the step, sprang to his feet—upsetting the table—and fought so desperately, that had it not been for Auntie's strong sinewy arms assisting him, Sam must have been vanquished and my scheme a failure. As it was, however, Charlie was secured, deprived of his weapons, and placed on the bench beside his comrade.

"Do you surrender?" I inquired, bending my eyes sternly upon them.

"You'd better have asked that before, you thief in the night!" roared Charlie's choleric friend. "Ask a pair of bound men if they surrender, you murderous old owl, you!"

"Silence, there!" I commanded, sternly. "You know what we do with Old Abe's minions when we want to put them out of the way," and I glared menacingly at the branches of a tree near by; "but you seem like good, well-meaning fellows, and I'll give you one chance for your lives. I can only hope that you will be wise enough to accept it."

"Name it," said Charlie—who had not spoken since his capture—in a low, earnest tone.

"You are both Union soldiers?"

"Yes," said Charlie.

"From what State?"

"———Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers."

"Who are you?" shouted out Charlie's comrade to me.

"An officer in the Confederate service, as you see," I returned loftily, "and willing to do you a good turn, if you will only do me one."

"What is our chance for life?" asked Charlie, easily, glancing at his comrade.

"This. We are sadly in want of information; if you will impart all that you can, we will give you freedom; if you refuse, death."

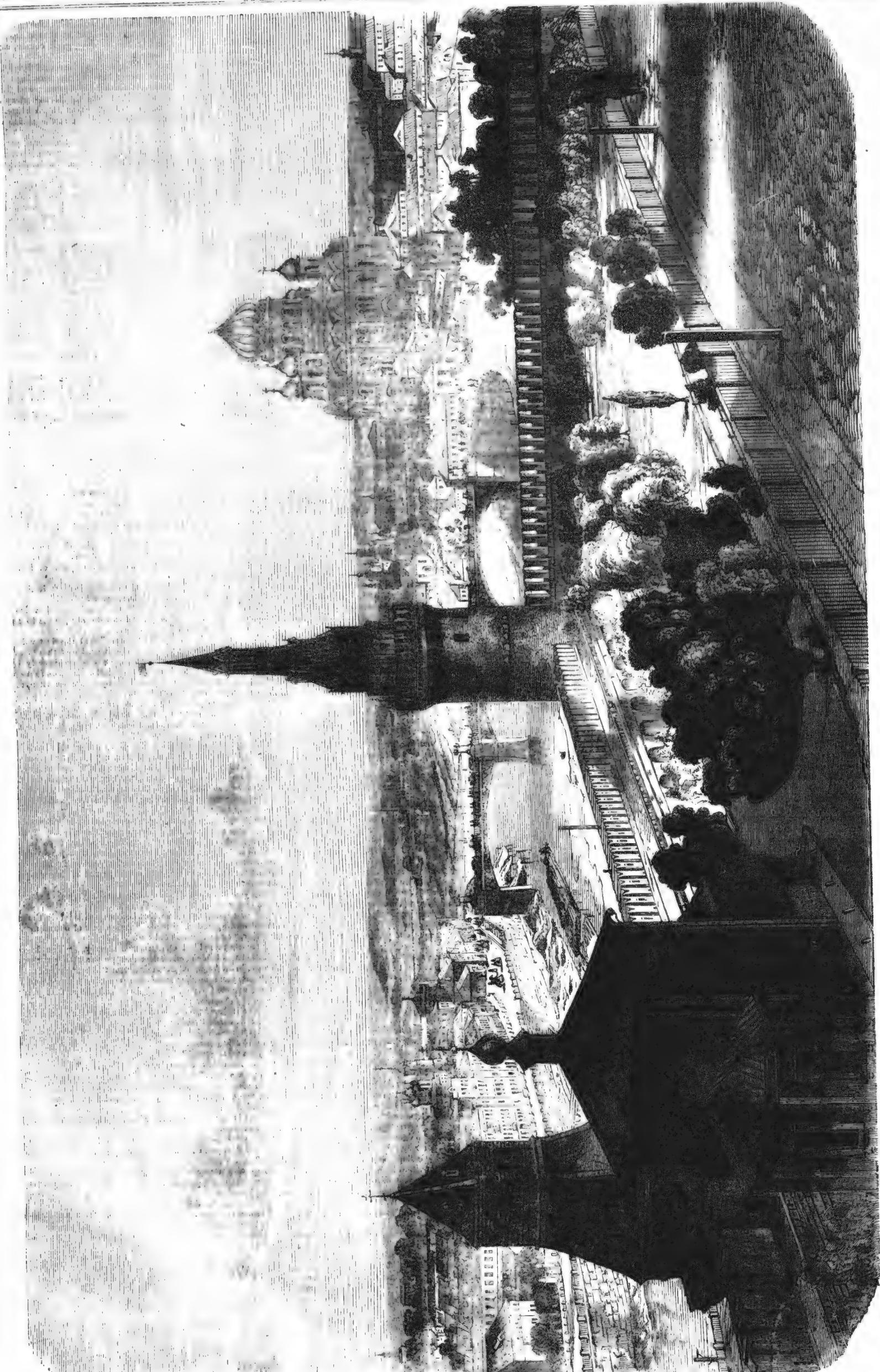
There was a moment of silence. Charlie started, and paled slightly. His companion did not show the least evidence of having heard.

"Do you hear and accept?"

Then his comrade burst out like steam from an over-charged boiler, interspersing oaths very generously.

"Looky here, you becurled, be-perfumed puppy of a chivalry——"

Here George made a step forward to restrain him, but I commanded him back, and he went on: "I'm a rough Yankee, never owned a darned nigger in my life, and I reckon, savin' that fact, that I've been as bad as most men; but I never was so confounded sneakin' as to lie to my mother, or peach on the old flag. If you want this here old carcass you can jest take it, for I'll never save it on them terms."



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW. (See page 370.)



SAXON CROSSES AT ILKLEY CHURCHYARD, YORKSHIRE. (See page 375)

"Nor I," answered Charlie, firmly. "Are there no other terms?"

"None."

"Then, Jim," turning to his fellow-prisoner, "we shall have to say good-bye. If ever by any chance you get home, tell mother that I died true, and I'll say the same for you if I am spared."

"General," suggested Sam, respectfully touching his cap to me, "these seem like honest fellows; it's likely they'd keep an oath if 'twas to save their lives, and we've got that other job on hand to-night. Hang it! I don't like to string up two unarmed men. I can fight them in a fair hand-to-hand battle, but I don't like this work. Let's parole them?"

"What do you say, comrades?" I asked, turning to George and Aunt.

"String them up, root and branch," said the latter, in a voice so gruff that it came near upsetting my assumed gravity. "There will be plenty there to knock the Confederacy into a cocked hat!"

"That's a fact, emphasized Charlie's friend again. "For once, you told the truth; and for every drop of blood you spill, they'll take a thousand murdering traitors, that you are."

"Hush!" said Charlie, in a low tone; "be quiet, Jim, you sign your own death-warrant by that kind of talk."

"Well, I can't help it;" but he added in a softer tone: "Look here you old (I mean Mister) Secesh, this chap here has an old mother to home and no one but him to support her; and I've a sweetheart that I don't exactly like to leave on such short notice, so that if you'll give us our parole we'll take it and keep it; or if you'll let one off if t'other dies, why take me, cos my girl can find some one else to take care of her, but his mother will never find another son."

Charlie turned a grateful glance toward the noble-hearted fellow, but said firmly, "I will not allow that."

"Come, general, time goes; let's parole them," suggested George, and I yielded. Judge of my surprise when Charlie refused to take the oath; but on being assured that it was that or death, and at the solicitations of Jim, he yielded.

The parole was duly made out (Sam had procured blanks from a Confederate officer whom I suspect was a friend of Aunt Jane's), a solemn oath was administered, both were deprived of their arms, released, and advised to go home. They thanked us sincerely for our leniency, Jim remarking by way of compliment, "That the Rebs were a sight better he thought; but he couldn't see what the deuce they wanted to split the Union for."

After we had thanked Mother K., who was highly indignant because we had not hung them, we waited until our prisoners were out of sight, then found our horses and started for home. When once under shelter of Aunt Jane's friendly roof, how we laughed and shouted, and how happy I was!

The following day, I went home and despatched a letter to Charlie from there, begging him to return. He returned a joyful answer, saying that he had been released on parole and could come. He did, the dear fellow, and is here yet.

## TO THE WORKING CLASSES,

AND  
THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

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LONDON: JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

TELEGRAPH, SEPTEMBER 15.—If reviews and literary comments had been in fashion when Caxton and Faust did away with monkish manuscripts and gave the world the vast boon of the printing press, doubtless the fact would have had the most prominent place which the critics of the day could give. We must award a similar honour to an extraordinary achievement which cheap paper and the cheap press have brought about in our own times, and signalize with public appreciation the fact that Shakspere's entire writings are now to be had for one shilling. A half-forgotten English poet, in a poem seldom or never now read or quoted, once sang the praises of twelve pence sterling. "Happy the man, I sing, who void of care, in silken or in leathern purse, retains a splendid shilling;" and then Ambrose Phillips descants on all that a shilling can do—on the substantial silver barrier which it erects between its possessor and the world of want—on its enormous possibility and infinite capacities, until at last, in his enthusiastic verses, the coin seems like that sequin of the magician in the "Arabian Nights" which never could be exhausted by spending, but always came back from each bargain safe, resplendent, to the happy owner. Ambrose, however, did not live long enough to know the utmost that might be effected by his amount of capital; he never dreamed—or, poet as he really was, he would have made a point of it—that the works of the mighty master of all human thoughts and passions, the opulent heritage of the genius of William Shakspere, would be attainable to the people of his tongue for the payment of twelve pence. The spirited projectors of this publication boast that the book is the cheapest ever published. We entirely believe them, though we have grown used, of late, to marvellous proofs of what the emancipated printing press can do. In literature proper, we could name remarkable instances of what has been accomplished by a vast demand. Among them are the well-known "Globe Shakspere," the cheap editions, just given forth at Edinburgh, of the British and American poets; and the almost startling re-issue of the Waverley Novels, in admirably-printed volumes, at sixpence each. But the thick and densely-printed publication to which we

more particularly refer is, merely for its mass and bulk, the wonder of them all; and when we remember what it is, and what pure and healthy matter it gives broadcast to the people, the wonder becomes gratitude and hopefulness. We cannot refrain from pointing attention to a piece of work which is so boldly demonstrative of the fruits of a wise legislative remission, and which signifies so audacious a reliance on the value of an invaluable English heirloom. "Shakspere for a shilling!" Tragedies, comedies, historic plays, sonnets, poems, and all! For twelvepence sterling a man may buy them up, take them home, have them to himself to wonder at, to pore over, to dig and delve into again and again, like an inexhaustible gold mine. Not, of course, an *edition de luxe*—not a reproduction of the Great Poet, such as Shakesperian scholars hang and gloat over—folio, quarto, or library copy, bristling with notes, wise and unwise. Nothing like this, but a workaday, hard-a-weather, substantial copy of the immortal bard, thick and serviceable, with no filagree about it or flourish, but a fair text of the poet, printed in close and solid type, after the best renderings. The volume contains everything that he left us, from "Pericles Prince of Tyre" to the "Passionate Pilgrim;" all the infinite wealth of that matchless mind—the entire bequest to the English language, sufficing in itself to embalm and immortalize the speech in which the poet crystallized these types of whatever is high and low, rich and poor, grand and humorous, in human existence. Never mind if the covers are of paper, and the type something of the smallest! Here, for a shilling sterling, as much as for the guineas which the man of wealth expends, are the glorious pageants of the Master of Poets—his kings, his queens, his lovers, his ladies, his courtiers, warriors, jesters, swashbucklers, revellers, and rogues. Not a bit less gallant and fearless at the French siege is our Royal Harry the Fifth, than in Stevens, Warburton, and Malone; not at all less gorgeous Cleopatra, less noble Brutus, less superbly patrician Coriolanus, less dainty Ariel, less valiant Talbot, less passionate and perplexed Othello! Here they are, in their purples and gold, the monarchs to whom he taught the language of command; the mighty empire and majesties of the past which he raised for a few generations; the march of English history as he made it sweep along; the splendid pageants of the time when the world was lost for the Egyptian's kiss; the agony of Philippi; the fate of Caesar; the barbaric Britain of Cymbeline's day; the lovely mysterious island, "full of noises, sounds, and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not;" the exquisite phantasies of the "Midsummer Night;" and the glorious and jocund wit of "Fat Jack." For a few coppers any man may henceforward call forth this rich, this inexhaustible procession; and he may live in the society of those sweet and noble ladies who throng the pages of Shakspere. Who is condemned to low company when for twelvepence he may hear the tender eloquence of Imogen—may see how Desdemona carries her snow-white faith in patience to the grave—may listen to Juliet in the balcony, or soft Cordelia, "so young, my lord, and true!"—or noble Portia, well worthy to be "the woman that Lord Brutus took to wife?" Who is low-born, when, without shyness or constraint, he may sit and speak line by line with Queen

Katharine, even to the hour when she converses with the visible angels; or sorrow with Constance for her little Prince; or at the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta, and the banquet of Timon? There is no better company in the world than all these, and even the poor may come and go henceforth at will among high and gracious personages, as the companion of queens, and of those fair women whom the poet loved to create, loved to lead through all slander and distress to happiness and honour, and whose sweet lips he kept as pure from all the base and scurril jests and sentiments of his lower characters, as temple gates are guarded from the soil of the streets. Some may doubt if a "shilling public" can appreciate the boundless and unparalleled riches of the poet; but we have not that fear. As little should we believe that a rose, because it is perfect in fragrance, colour, and form, would be "caviare to the general." True, the ripest scholar cannot reach the utmost of Shakspere's wonders, and the ripest wisdom is not too wise to learn lessons of delight and insight from him. But all his matchless testament to the world is in the mother tongue of England; and it is enough to watch the profound attention with which pit and gallery regard a good Shaksperean performance to be convinced that the greatest genius that ever spoke our speech holds fast his countrymen still. Thousands may find a new delight in a Shakspere of their own, not too good to put into the pocket of their working jacket, or to have out at night after work when the little ones are in bed. That cottage is not badly off for books which has a Bible and a Shakspere in it for a library, and somebody that can read them. The deep reach of the poet's thought, his exquisite instinct, the majesty and music of his diction, the fine perception, the daring dancing fancy, the royal radiance of his pages, the joy—almost as of a god—which the great painter of life feels in its passions, energies, and capacities; the royalty more royal than a king's, the tenderness softer than a maiden's, the spirit stouter and more heroic than any warrior's, which our famous countryman exhibits—all these may more or less escape the untutored reader. But that reader will learn to comprehend them by living in their silent presences; and life, whatever its aspect for himself, will grow more full of meaning, hope, and dignity by their study. It is no ordinary incident of the march of progress that this rich gift is now given wholesale to the working man; no slight fruit of a wise and just emancipation of industry, that the cheap printing press can scatter such a boon broad cast through the community.

MORNING STAR, OCTOBER 15.—*Shakspere for a Shilling!* J. Dicks, 313, Strand, London. A complete edition, plays, poems, and biography, with thirty-six illustrations—and all for a shilling! Yes; the thing is to be had. Mr. Dicks, of 313, Strand, has actually published a shilling volume of Shakspere, containing all the plays and all the poems, with an introductory memoir, and the book is now before us. The type is new and very clear; the paper is certainly not bad—indeed, quite as good as that of many books far dearer—and some of the illustrations deserve no mean praise. This is, indeed, a novelty in literature, and we cannot but wish it success.

OBSERVER, OCTOBER 18.—*Dicks' Shakspere.* J. Dicks, Strand.—A novelty in the way of cheap literature has been produced by Mr. Dicks, a complete edition of the works of Shakspere for one shilling. The volume is not only complete in its text, but is illustrated by thirty-six engravings, from original drawings by Mr. Frederick Gilbert and Mr. T. H. Wilson. The type is necessarily small, but it is very distinct and legible, and the paper is of a very fair quality. The volume consists of 1,020 pages, the wrapper is of coloured paper, with an engraving of the portrait and a fac-simile of the handwriting of Shakspere. The edition is a perfect marvel of cheapness even in the present day, and is to be followed by a similar edition of the works of the other British dramatists.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS, OCTOBER 13, 1866. *Dicks' Shilling Shakspere.* London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand.—Had we been told some years since that the time would come when the whole of the works of the immortal Shakspere would be published in a complete form for one shilling, we should have discredited it as much as did Dr. Lardner when the possibility of crossing the Atlantic in a steam vessel was the subject of a discussion. The learned doctor went so far as to say he would eat the first vessel that accomplished the then thought impossible feat. In like manner we might have said we would eat the first shilling Shakspere. Yet both facts are accomplished. Steam vessels cross the Atlantic continuously, and here before us is "Dicks' Shilling Shakspere" for us to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," at the astounding rate of three plays for one penny. Really, when we come to analyse this volume, containing, as it does, the thirty-seven plays and tragedies ascribed to Shakspere, we can scarcely believe it possible that any profit can be realized by the spirited publisher to pay him for the great boon he has conferred upon all classes in thus bringing the whole of the works of the greatest of all dramatists within the reach of the millions. Certainly it was a want long felt, and now that it is supplied, we trust that no home will be found without its volume of Shakspere. But we have not only the plays of the illustrious bard; we have his portrait, autograph, and interesting memoir; also his miscellaneous poems, consisting of "Venus and Adonis," "Tartuffe and Lucrece," "Sonnets," "A Lover's Complaint," and "The Passionate Pilgrim." We must not omit to state also that the thirty-seven plays are all illustrated by either Mr. John Gilbert or Mr. T. H. Wilson. For the size of the volume, consisting of a thousand and twenty-one pages, the type is bold, new, and readable; and, in a word, Mr. Dicks is entitled to full credit and the thanks of society for having issued the most valuable book, next to the Bible, ever before published at the price. There seems to us to be only one way of rewarding him for his onerous experiment of this cheap issue, and that is to spread the fact as wide as possible, that Shakspere's complete works may absolutely be obtained at the mere nominal sum of one shilling. Really it is a marvel of cheap literature.

ERA, OCTOBER 21.—*Dicks' Shakspere: the Whole of his Plays, Poems, and Life, with Thirty-six Illustrations and Portrait.* J. Dicks, 313, Strand.—This has justly been called the age of Art and Science, and if we had added that of cheap literature, the sentence would have been more perfect and equally just. For years we have been accustomed to look with astonishment at the marvels of printing which, in one form or another, have issued from the press, and each at a price that, taking into account the beauty of the type, the style of composition, the amount of matter given, and the quality of the paper, has been a theme of more astonishment than the last. How, with the known cost of material and labour, with the risk of always finding a remunerative market for the literary venture, publishers have had the courage to speculate as they have done, is, perhaps, the greatest marvel of all. Daily journals, which only a few years ago were sold at fourpence or sixpence apiece, are now to be obtained, and thrice the former size, for the mere cost of a penny; while such classic literature as the "Waverley Novels," once almost exclusive by their price, are now to be procured in complete volumes

for the nominal sum of sixpence. Extraordinary as such instances as these and many similar ones are of the wonders of cheap literature, the most surprising—indeed, the most wonderful example of the fact is now before us in the above work. The whole of Shakspere's plays and poems illustrated, a memoir of his life and portrait, and the entire compiled in one thick volume, for the price of one shilling! When we remember the size of this work, containing more than a thousand double-columned pages, and consider the expense of composition, the vast amount of type employed, and the cost of paper for such a mass of matter, we may well exclaim, with astonishment, how can it possibly be done for such an insignificant price as one shilling? Nothing but an immense sale can, of course, recompense the publisher for the heavy outlay and responsibility of such a speculation. That a return adequate to the risk and expense of such an undertaking will follow we have not the slightest doubt of, and in time reward, in a mercantile point of view, the projector of so responsible a speculation. But far apart from all trade anxieties and considerations stands Mr. Dicks' merit and honour, for having rendered it possible to place in the hands of every mechanic, labourer, and every working man in the empire, a work which is the glory of the nation, and forms in itself a whole library of morality, religion, and philosophy, and the quintessence of all that has ever been written in prose or poetry. If ever a work should be published on the "Curiosities of Cheap Literature," assuredly Mr. Dicks' "Shilling Shakspere" will deserve the foremost place, for henceforth every cottager in Great Britain may, with a version of the Scriptures, Shakspere, and a few other works, possess a library for the cost of a few weeks' beer and tobacco.

ATHENÆUM, OCTOBER 20TH, 1866.—Cheap literature is illustrated in *Dicks' Shilling Shakspere*, which includes the poems. It is said to be printed from new type. There is a pound and a half of paper in the book, above one thousand pages, and it is delivered to the trade at 8d. Where profit is to be derived is a mystery.

PUBLIC OPINION, OCTOBER 27TH, 1866.—*Dicks' Shakspere.* London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand.—"A complete edition containing the whole of his plays, poems, and life, with thirty-six illustrations, and portrait drawn by Gilbert, Wilson, &c." Price one shilling. A sketch of the life of Shakspere, the full text of his thirty-seven plays, together with his miscellaneous poems, illustrated with thirty-six engravings from original drawings, the whole clearly printed in a volume of more than one thousand pages for one shilling! Comment is superfluous.

SUNDAY TIMES, OCTOBER 21.—*The Complete Works of Shakspere.* London: John Dicks.—It is a subject of congratulation that at a time when food, clothing, and most of the necessities of life are increasing enormously in price, literature at least—immeasurably the highest of luxuries—takes no part in the increase. Never, indeed, have books been cheaper than they are in the present day, and the work before us has the signal merit of being the cheapest ever produced. The complete works of Shakspere for a shilling! Cheapness of production can scarcely go beyond this. Yet here undoubtedly they are; the complete works—tragedies, comedies, histories, poems—all in one thick volume of a thousand pages, illustrated by woodcuts by artists of repute, and with a text which must be regarded as thoroughly satisfactory. It has often fallen to us to congratulate our readers on the advantages of a cheap literature, and the remarks we have previously made are now only more strongly applicable. The man who for a shilling can purchase a Shakspere can scarcely complain that his home is unattractive. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the "Elder Brother," make one of their characters say—

"Give me leave  
To enjoy myself. The place that does contain  
My books, the best companions, is to me  
A glorious court, where hourly I converse  
With the old sages and philosophers."

A man who has a few books, a place in which to read them, and an appetite for reading, is as independent of fate as man may be. Books are the best companions a man can have. We acknowledge to a love for books for their own sakes, and like to look at them, even when we cannot open them. Books, it has been said, are the handsomest furniture a room can have. There is truth in that saying, but not the whole truth. Books, when they are one's own, when one has mastered them and knows their contents, are more than furniture, they are friends. At the time of year now arriving their friendship is easiest discernible and most valued. A man turns his eyes to the shelf where his books are deposited, and in the firelight they glint and wink at him recognition. They smile from their shelves on the man who loves them as wooningly as the sparkling and crystalline wine smiles in the eyes of the connoisseur, and they have additional advantage, for you may drink endlessly without fear of headache or of diminishing your stock. If we wanted to make a working man's home happy we would place in it a few books, and try to give its owner a taste for their perusal. What better book can he begin with than Shakspere? The contents are inexhaustible. Wit, wisdom, poetry, philosophy, each best in its kind, may be dug in solid masses of ore from its pages. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that people know Shakspere well. Not one man in a hundred knows him at all, not one in a thousand knows him well, not one in the world knows him adequately or so well that he may read his works with no hope of finding fresh beauties. Let every man, then, that can command a shilling, or save it out of his beer, take home with him a shilling Shakspere, and lay the foundation of a library. We are sure that if once the perusal of Shakspere is commenced in an evening many an hour will be wiled away from other pursuits, which, whatever their value, will not be higher. We look upon a work like this as an important instrument of social progress, and we wish, with unrestrained zeal, success to the "Shilling Shakspere."

DISPATCH, OCTOBER 21.—*Dicks' Shakspere.* Dicks, Strand.—This is the most extraordinary shilling's worth ever offered to the public. It contains the whole of Shakspere's plays and poems, together with his life and thirty-six illustrations. Comment is superfluous.

SUNDAY GAZETTE, OCTOBER 13.—A marvellous shilling's worth is offered to the public by Mr. Dicks, 313, Strand; the whole of Shakspere's plays, sonnets, and poems, with six-and-thirty illustrations for one shilling. It is true the paper is rather poor, and does not do full justice to the new type and woodcuts; but the pages are easily read, and the book is undoubtedly ridiculously cheap. We hope Mr. Dicks will find sufficient buyers to make it pay.

LLOYD'S, OCTOBER 21.—*Shakspere for a Shilling.* The new edition of Shakspere, which Mr. Dicks has just issued, may be pronounced a perfect marvel of cheapness. It is complete in one volume, of over a thousand pages, and contains the whole of the plays and poems, as well as a short sketch of his life. The letterpress is clear and distinct; each play is accompanied by an illustration, and a very good portrait of the immortal bard forms a frontispiece to the work. Surely no further word of praise from

us is needed to induce all those who do not possess a copy of our national poet to procure one of Mr. Dicks' shilling volumes.

NEWS OF THE WORLD, OCTOBER 21.—*Complete Works of Shakspere.* Dicks.—It may be safely said of this publication that the force of enterprise can no further go. Here are all the plays and poems of the immortal bard, together with a succinct memoir, very neatly and clearly printed, offered to the public for a shilling. We have heard much of cheap bargains, but never was there bargain so cheap as this. The type is, of course, small; but it is very clear, and the printing is admirable. Shakspere is brought to the pocket of every one desirous of possessing the literary treasure, and the opportunity will be gladly taken advantage of. The book is a wonder, and it ought to have (as it no doubt will have) a wondrous sale.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER, OCTOBER 14TH.—*Dicks' Shilling Shakspere.* Dicks, 313, Strand.—This is the cheapest edition of the complete works of England's greatest dramatist ever published. The publication has undergone the most careful editorial supervision, and the power and beauty of Shakspere's language are carefully preserved. It is illustrated with thirty-six drawings by Gilbert, and other eminent artists. The marvellously low price at which the life and complete writings of Shakspere is now issued to the public by Mr. Dicks, places this standard work within the reach of all classes; and the admirable manner in which it is got up renders it a book as suitable to the bookshelf of the club, or the mansion, as that of the cottage. "Dicks' Shilling Shakspere" is certainly the greatest marvel amongst the many wonders of cheap literature already issued by him. Other miscalled "cheap editions" of the works of the great national poet have, generally speaking, been dear at the price they sold for—suitable only for the butcherman or trunkmaker. But now we have before us a volume containing all the immortal dramatist's glorious writings perfectly printed on capital paper! Such a publication in a country where Shakspere is one of our national and household idols ought to sell by hundreds of thousands—and doubtless will do so.

BANBURY GUARDIAN, NOVEMBER 4.—*The Shilling Shakspere.* London: John Dicks.—A half-forgotten English poet, in a poem seldom or never now read or quoted, once sang the praises of twelve pence sterling. "Happy the man, I sing, who, void of care, in silken or in leathern purse, retains a splendid shilling;" and then Ambrose Phillips descants on all that a shilling can do. Ambrose, however, did not live long enough to know the utmost that might be effected by his amount of capital; he never dreamed—or, poet as he really was, he would have made a point of it—that the works of the mighty master of all human thoughts and passions, the opulent heritage of the genius of William Shakspere, would be attainable to the people of his tongue for the payment of twelve pence. The spirited projectors of this publication boast that the book is the cheapest ever published. We entirely believe them, though we have grown used of late to marvellous proofs of what the emancipated printing press can do. In literature proper we could name remarkable instances of what has been accomplished by a vast demand. But the thick and densely-printed publication to which we more particularly refer is, merely for its mass and bulk, the wonder of them all.

MANCHESTER WEEKLY TIMES, NOVEMBER 4TH, 1866.—Cheap literature is illustrated in *Dicks' Shilling Shakspere*, which includes the poems. It is said to be printed from new type. There is a pound and a half of paper in the book, above one thousand pages, and it is delivered to the trade at 8d. Where profit is to be derived is a mystery. [This notice was copied from the *Athenæum*.]

NORTH WALES CHRONICLE, NOVEMBER 11.—We had thought that "Bow Bells" could not be exceeded in cheapness, but a complete edition of the "Plays and Poems of Shakspere," with thirty-six illustrations and a portrait, for ONE SHILLING, goes beyond even that. The volume now on our table comprises only 1021 pages. The type is perfectly clear, the paper and printing good; and when it is generally known that such a really wonderful work is to be had, we should think the printing presses of the publishers will never be still.

ISLE OF MAN TIMES, NOVEMBER 10, 1866.—*Shakspere for a Shilling.*—"Nonsense, it cannot be," we fancy we hear incredulous readers exclaim. We assure them that it is a fact. Before us we have, in one thick volume, containing one thousand and twenty-one pages, a complete copy of Shakspere's works; and the book is published at the marvellously low price of one shilling! By what magic the publisher (Mr. John Dicks, of 313, Strand, London) has contrived to issue such a book for twelve pence is to us a marvel. It is very excellently printed, on very good paper. With regard to the latter, we find that the book weighs one pound six ounces; the value, therefore, of the paper alone is fully one-half the price of the book, so that the publisher has only sixpence left to pay for type-setting, printing, &c. In addition to the plays, sonnets, and miscellaneous poems, the book contains thirty-seven illustrations, and a well-written sketch of Shakspere's life, equal in every respect to the memoirs given in more pretentious and expensive works. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. were justly congratulated on having produced a "marvel of cheapness" when they published their well-known "Globe Shakspere," for 3s. 6d.; but that work is, for cheapness, completely thrown into the shade by "Dicks' Shilling Shakspere." Henceforth no working man, no matter how humble his position in life may be, will have any excuse for being without a copy of the works of our great dramatist.

STATIONER AND FANCY TRADES REGISTER, FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.—*Dicks' Shakspere.* London: J. Dicks.—This is one of the recent publications that have taken the trade by surprise. Much as the public has of late been inundated with cheap literature, all former low-priced books must pale before this. Fancy one thousand and thirty-four pages for one shilling, composed in solid neopareil type, and illustrated with thirty-six woodcuts! The volume comprises a complete edition of the plays of Shakspere, his miscellaneous poems, and a biographical sketch. It may not be uninteresting to notice that the book contains 2,068 columns, each six inches long, and giving a total length of 12,408 inches or 345 8-36 yards. Being retailed by measurement, no less than 28 9-12 yards are sold for one penny. Whether such liberality will be appreciated by the public remains to be proved, as only an unprecedentedly large sale can possibly remunerate the publisher.

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DR. MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS.—When taken to be well shaken—a friend, by the hand; an enemy, by the throat. For outward application—a slap for the back of merit; a rod for the shoulders of folly.

A GRAND RESOLVE.—A despairing swain, in a fit of desperation, recently declared to his unrelenting lady-love that it was his firm determination to drown himself, or perish in the attempt.

A "DISTANT" RELATIVE.—"You have lost some of your friends, I see," said a traveller to a negro whom he met on the road. "Yes, massa." "Was it a near or distant relative?" "Well, purty distant—'bout twenty-four mile," was the reply.

THERE are three kinds of praise—that which we yield, that which we lend, that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

CHINESE doctors excel in the knowledge of the pulse, and are able to ascertain with considerable accuracy the state of the patient; they are well versed in the use of simples, but are ignorant of anatomy, helpless as surgeons, and, in time of sudden danger, next to useless.

IN the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically, he began, "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense." "Exactly," interrupted Jerryold; "that is precisely what you do want."

A FREE TRANSLATION.—A sporting Shropshire farmer, who had been welcomed one morning at the mansion, stalked up to the fireplace, over which he observed the well-known motto—*Pro avis et ficio* (for our altars and our hearts). "Ah, squire!" exclaimed he, "I see you are all for the hares and foxes up there too."

A PROFESSOR of magic was bragging pretty largely of his sleight-of-hand feats in a public room of an hotel, after the performance was over. A gentleman present offered to bet him that he could make everything on the table disappear in less than a minute. The professor at once booked the wager, when the other turned off the gas. The disappearance was complete, and the professor confessed himself "sold."

A GOOD JOKE.—A comical quarrel, says a Paris contemporary, took place the other day on a boulevard. A gentleman roughly accosted a working man, and accused him of swindling. "You sold me," he said, "a pomade to make my hair grow; see, my head is as smooth as a piece of leather." "Sir," answered the vendor of ointment, "you wrong me. There are lands where the best seed won't grow. It is not the fault of the seed; it is the soil." The gentleman did not continue the discussion.

A DYING SCENE.—The famous Tony Lee, a player in King Charles II's reign, being to be killed in a tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage, which occasioned a good deal of laughing and noise in the house. He lifted up his head, and, speaking to the audience, said, "This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me, for she would often say that I should cough in my grave, because I used to drink in my porridge." This set the house in such good humour that it readily pardoned the solecism he had before committed.

A FEW evenings since, a friend of ours, an influential critic, took us into the green-room of one of our minor theatres. We were summarily presented to the personages who had assembled there during the entracte. One of them, a charming little actress, in the costume of a maid, fixed our attention by her air of distinction and naïvete. A vigilant mother was beside her, but we ventured to approach and to present to the siren some commonplace compliments, ending with "In short, mademoiselle, you are a true pearl." "Which means that I am an oyster," snappishly replied the mother of Pearl.

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